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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

WRANGLING OVER TURKEY

'JOURNAL DES DÉBATS,' discussing French policy toward Greece, observes that the friendship between the Bolsheviki and the Turkish Nationalists dates back for a longer period than is generally assumed. 'The talk of taking away the territories given the Greeks overlooks the fact that the Turks who would recover them were the Allies of the Germans and the Bulgarians from 1914 to 1918, and the willing agents of Ludendorff.' Many Greek patriots fear that the country will not be able to defend both Thrace and Asia Minor and are not averse to withdrawing from the latter region. Should that action be taken the Allies would probably be called upon to garrison all Asia Minor in order to prevent a recurrence of Christian massacres.

Le Temps, representing the preponderant sentiment in France, of hostility to Greece and friendliness to a revision of the Turkish Treaty which would satisfy the insurgents in Anatolia and detach them from their Bolshevist Allies, observes: 'The Greece of Constantine is doubly under English protection. England is shielding Constantine from France, and simultaneously shielding from both France and Italy the treaty, which has alloted to the Greeks Smyrna, Gallipoli, and Adrianople.' After discussing Great Britain's efforts to come to an understanding with both the Bolsheviki and the Turkish Nationalists, this paper continues: 'Bringing together all the elements of the picture, we have revealed England's Near Eastern policy in its entirety: a protectorate over the Greece of Constantine, control of the Eastern Mediterranean and the Straits, the Zionist state in Palestine, the encouragement of Emir Feisul and the Hedjaz rulers, using the Greeks against the Turks, making the government at Constantinople a tool against the government at Angora, partition of Mohammedan Asia with the Bolsheviki, occupation of Mesopotamia, political and military control of Persia — these are the different features of the vast programme which aims to incorporate within the British Empire practically all the former Ottoman Empire.'

Meantime the London *Nation* adds the following suggestive comment:

> There is one advantage in a soldier's expositions of policy. They are frank. Here, for example, is General Gouraud's exposition at Marseilles of French policy in Syria, taken from *La Democratie Nouvelle:*
>
> 'Nous sommes en Syrie pour garantir l'execution du mandat français, et nous resterons en

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Cilicie tant que l'execution du traité de Sèvres l'exigera: nous resterons donc en Syrie parce que si nous n'y étions pas, d'autres y seraient à notre place. Ce serait alors l'eclipse de notre prestige et de notre influence dans la Méditerranée orientale, dans le Levant et tout l'Orient. D'ailleurs, et il faut qu'on le sache en France, *le Syrie est un pays très riche.* . . .

'Pour résumer d'un mot: *L'affaire payera. Voilà pourquoi nous devons rester en Syrie et pourquoi nous y resterons.*'

In other words, France is in Syria (1) to maintain French 'prestige' there; (2) to keep this country out; (3) for loot, Syria being a 'very rich' country, and the conquest of its people being a 'paying' 'affair.' Not bad this from an Ally and a victorious combatant in the Great War for peace, democracy, and human liberty.

POLAND'S LAND QUESTION

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Observer* summarizes as follows some of the domestic conditions which are retarding Poland's recovery:

Her internal conditions are very much influenced by the social, political, and economic differences among her various parts — the former German districts, 'Congress Poland' (Poland proper) and Galicia. Posen is industrial, agrarian, and rather feudalistic at the same time. 'Congress Poland' shows an agrarian semi-feudalism, but has developed industrially to a great extent, especially in the districts of Lodz and Bialystok. A large agrarian proletariat populates the country, and an industrial proletariat fills the large towns. The powerful aristocracy (Szlachta) play a very important rôle as the chief proprietors of the soil. Those big landowners have profited greatly by the war, while the hunger of the masses for land has not been satisfied. Trade and traffic are mostly in the hands of Jews, who form fourteen per cent of the population and have developed the leading industries. Galicia, formerly under Austrian rule (which neglected this valuable province badly), is terribly ravaged by the war. It might become a reservoir of corn; at present its chief value lies in its large mineral resources.

Common to Poland and Galicia is the exceedingly primitive system of land cultivation. In 'Congress Poland' the large agrarian population, consisting of peasants and a big proletarian surplus of hands, demand a redistribution of the soil. However, in the Sejm (the Polish Parliament at Warsaw) the aristocrats who own the large estates will not give in, and counter all reforms by inciting the population to chauvinistic aspirations.

THE 'SPECTATOR' ON AMERICA AND THE LEAGUE

REVIEWING Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler's address at New London on October 16, the *Spectator* says that England must reconcile itself to the certainty that the Republican Party will insist upon the following conditions before joining any general international agreement such as the League represents: America to assume no obligation to send armed forces abroad except by authority of Congress; strict observance of the Monroe Doctrine in both letter and spirit; non-intervention of foreign powers in the domestic affairs of the United States; and American independence of action in regard to the labor clauses of the treaty. This journal further observes that, if the Republicans would translate their ideas into practical form 'Englishmen would rush to accept such a solution of the world's future.' It assumes that there is general agreement as to the desirability of making the League an institution whose objects might be defined as:

1. To provide security for the independence, safety, and welfare of nationalities.
2. To prevent an appeal to arms.
3. To stop waste and reduce excessive armaments.
4. To provide a tribunal to settle disputes.
5. To maintain the sanctity of treaties.

PRICE MOVEMENTS IN EUROPE

PRICES are reported to be falling in France with accelerated rapidity to the great distress of many manufacturers. Woolen goods which cost twenty francs when produced would cost to-day only eight or ten francs, and a serious crisis threatens the Roubaix district, the chief centre of French woolen manufacturing, where fifty thousand workers are reported idle. Similar conditions exist in the leather trade. One important Paris firm has failed with liabilities of over forty million francs.

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The great silk centre of Lyons is embarrassed owing to a decline of fifty per cent in prices since last spring. Two serious failures have occurred there.

Manufacturers who had the courage to make substantial reductions before their neighbors are reaping the benefit of their boldness. A big motor concern which reduced prices twenty per cent some time ago on all orders received during the following fortnight, disposed of between fifteen and thirty million francs worth of goods and has been placed on its feet again.

Wholesale price levels are reported by the *Statist* to have been in the third quarter of 1920 the following percentage of the pre-war levels in the countries mentioned: United States, 197; Japan, 238; Canada, 246; United Kingdom, 297; Sweden, 363; France, 506; Italy (second quarter of 1920), 651. While these comparisons are not absolutely accurate because the same groups of commodities do not figure in all the indexes, they are indicative of the general price situation in the countries mentioned. Except in Sweden, prices were lower in the third quarter of 1920 than in the earlier half of the year. But in all instances, prices were higher than during the first quarter of 1919.

EUROPEAN UNEMPLOYMENT

A PARIS correspondent of the *Journal de Genève* reports that there is much unemployment in the French metropolis, due partly to the normal let-up of certain industries toward the end of the year. However, 'the phenomenon appears to be pretty general throughout the country, and is to be attributed to the unbalanced condition of business since the war.' Some industries, such as the manufacture of automobiles, have been unduly expanded because it was particularly convenient to convert munition works into factories for their production. However, the excessive output so marked in this field is not characteristic of other branches of industry, which are also depressed. For instance, there is much unemployment among silk throwers and weavers, although evidence thrusts itself upon the observer that people are economizing in the use of silk, and that under normal conditions there would be an active demand for silk fabrics.

The high cost of coal with enforced under-consumption has produced unemployment. This correspondent describes political sentiment in Paris as very pessimistic, as a result of Wrangel's defeat; and many begin to justify Lloyd George's Russian policy, which they formerly bitterly opposed.

Unemployment has also become a problem of increasing importance in Great Britain and the men out of work differ from pre-war unemployed in being army veterans accustomed to act together. These men are seizing empty mansions in London and elsewhere, solving their housing crisis for the moment in this peremptory manner. They have also taken possession of a public bathhouse in London as a meeting hall.

MOTORING ABROAD

PRIVATE motor touring abroad has been discouraged until recently not only by the irritating delays and annoyances due to passport regulations and other official contrivances for hindering free intercourse between different countries, but also by the frequent impossibility of securing gasoline at local supply stations. According to a note in the London *Times*, conditions are somewhat improved in this respect in Southern France. In Italy, also, the motorist is better off to-day than he was a year ago, although he has to pay as high as

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seventy *lire* a liter for gasoline, or approximately as much as he pays for an entire day's entertainment at one of the best hotels. According to this informant, the most convenient place to motor abroad to-day is Northern Africa, where gasoline, tires, and lubricants are relatively plentiful, although prices even here are quite as high as upon the continent and it costs up to 2000 francs to ship a car across the Mediterranean from Marseilles to Algiers. The economical motorist will probably prefer to hire a local car for the two or three weeks required for an ordinary tour in Africa.

MINOR NOTES

As indicating the importance attached by the new governments of Central and Eastern Europe to the control of public opinion at home and abroad, the following items from the budget of Czecho-Slovakia for 1921 are significant. The prime minister's office spends on its press department nearly 3,500,000 crowns and on the Czecho-Slovakia press department 8,000,000. The foreign office spends 5,000,000 crowns for propaganda and political and economic information. Some of the press department expenses are 2,000,000 crowns for publishing newspapers in French and German for foreign information, and for films and photographs. The press service in France costs 700,000 crowns, in the United States 2,000,000 crowns, in Great Britain 1,400,000 crowns, and in Switzerland 1,500,000 crowns.

'Il Secolo XIX' published at Genoa, and decidedly hostile to France, is jubilant over what it characterizes the triple French disaster, represented by the defeat of Venizelos, of Wrangel, and of Trumbich, the Yugoslav negotiator at Rapallo. The treaty between Italy and Yugoslavia is characterized as a setback for England as well as France, who are described as trying to perpetuate enmity between these two countries in order to strengthen their own influence in Southeastern Europe. The same paper charges General Gouraud, the French commander in Syria, with misrepresenting the Syrian situation in his interviews upon his return to France.

Captain Von Knorr, Oriental correspondent for the Berlin conservative daily *Der Tag*, reports that sentiment in Japan is growing increasingly friendly to Germany, and that an alliance of Japan with Germany and Russia is openly discussed. He interprets this trend of opinion first and foremost to hatred of England, suggesting that Japan would welcome even American support against the latter power. Some Japanese writers now refer to Japan's 'over precipitate participation in the war,' and assert that the country thereby blindly made itself an instrument of British aggrandizement, by which it is more imperiled than it would have been by a German victory.

A project to require one year's labor service for the state continues to be discussed in Germany. Recently, the Minister of Economics urged that such an 'economic service year' be earnestly considered, adding that the educational element in the former compulsory military training is lacking to-day and that forced economic service might be so administered as to take its place. The Socialists oppose the plan.

The journal of the Petrograd Economic Council recently contained an article by a Russian economist estimating what the country urgently requires in the way of machinery and

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manufactures. He concludes that at present prices, Russia demands immediately for the restoration of its economic prosperity nearly fifty billions of dollars' worth of machinery, railway material, and chemicals; and that two hundred and fifty billions of dollars would hardly cover the capital expenditure required for Russia's complete economic reconstruction. He assumes that about one fourth of this capital must be supplied in the form of goods from abroad.

ACCORDING to Tokyo papers, goods valued at one billion yen ($500,000,000) are held in warehouses at Japanese ports awaiting foreign markets. About 100,000 bales of raw silk are ready for shipment at Yokohama. Cotton yarn and cotton textiles are also accumulating in large quantities.

Two shipping companies, having contracts for conveying Japanese emigrants to South America, are just now considering a renewal of their agreement. The Nippon Yusen Kaisha line formerly monopolized this business, but in 1916 the Osaka Shosen Kaisha established immigrant service to Spanish America, more or less in agreement with the competing company. At the present time, the fare of emigrants to South America is 275 yen, but it is proposed to raise this to about 350 yen.

There are nearly twice as many Germans in Japan to-day as there were before the war, and German toys, chemicals, and dyes to the value of more than 10,000,000 yen have been imported into Japan since the signing of the Treaty.

[*Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal Republican Daily), *December 11, 12, 1920*]

BISMARCK'S SEALED TESTAMENT

[Germany has been greatly interested in a suit brought in behalf of the Kaiser, to prevent the publication of the last volume of Bismarck's memoirs, which is about to appear twenty-two years after the Chancellor's death. While the Kaiser's desire to prevent its publication is due to other reasons, his technical objection is based upon the fact that the volume contains letters which he claims are his personal property.]

FOR a full year now, the young German Republic has tolerated a disgraceful piece of legal chicanery. The greatest statesman which the nation has produced since Frederick the Great, the creator of a Commonwealth which, in spite of the shock of defeat and revolution and the abdication of twenty-two princes, still stands solid and enduring, wrote down in his old age for his fellow-countrymen how he was driven from office by the young heir to the throne. A crown's witness to Prussian history thus sought to plead his case and to justify himself before Germany and the world: but wished this to occur after his death. Two decades ago, the first two volumes of his *Thoughts and Memories* appeared. They describe the rapid rise of Germany under his guidance, and the substantial results of his policies; in the third volume, he speaks only of himself and the young Kaiser. That whole volume is exclusively a history of his enforced retirement.

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Ever since I read this volume, I have been shocked and overwhelmed by the tragic episode it represents, by the political foresight of the great man whom it portrays — but above all by the unhappy destiny of the Germans who, as completely bondsmen as ever, are not permitted to read it. What prevents? Has Wilhelm II returned from Paris a victorious emperor and king, to forbid with the arrogance of a Cæsar — or a top sergeant — that his ancient opponent should pass judgment upon him before his subjects? No! A fugitive prince, a military deserter, a dethroned king, a fallen kaiser raises his hand from the little corner in which he has sought exile, and a book of which hundreds of thousands of copies lie printed and bound in the store room of the publisher is not permitted to reach the eyes of the people or to be submitted to the opinion of the world! And Germany raises no voice against this irrational decision of reactionary judges. Even in the countries of our victorious enemies, where unauthorized translations may appear at any moment, this great German is not yet permitted to pass criticism upon a man whom the World War has judged and sentenced.

Germans are in astounding ignorance of the facts. They still believe that Bismarck himself provided that his defense should not be published until his royal enemy was dead. The truth is, however, that Bismarck, the great hater, gave permission that all three volumes should be published after his own death. Hardly had his blue eyes closed in their last sleep, however, before his heirs began a disgraceful campaign in favor of the Kaiser against their own father. Prince Herbert, a most unworthy and mediocre son, petitioned the firm which had the right of publication to renounce temporarily its claims to the third volume in order to prevent a scandal. This publisher, who had contracted with Prince Bismarck years before to print his memoirs and had paid him the highest honorarium ever yet given an author in Germany, yielded to the urgency of the son. He doubtless reasoned that then, in 1898, the Kaiser was still a young man. The quarrel with his old Chancellor was fresh in the public mind. The people mentioned in the third volume were nearly all living. He probably assumed also that Bismarck's family, whom the average German citizen was fond of crediting with the utmost filial piety, did not realize the importance of the last great intellectual product of their father. When the publisher mentioned issuing the memoirs to Prince Herbert Bismarck, soon after the Chancellor's death, the latter was greatly disturbed, and said innocently: 'Memoirs! Surely they are not ready!' Thereupon, the publisher handed the Prince a volume in page proof ready for his corrections.

At that time, it was intended to print the memoirs in six volumes. These were later reduced to three. The publisher himself voluntarily engaged to withhold the third until the Kaiser was dead. During these negotiations, Bismarck's family requested and obtained a higher commission than the contract called for.

But times have changed. The Kaiser survives his own political death. As a result, twenty years after Bismarck's decease, the successors of the original publisher approached Bismarck's heirs in order to secure permission to print the third volume, inasmuch as there were no longer political objections to so doing after the overthrow and flight of the Hohenzollerns. The heirs consented to this, and the book was finally printed, to be issued for the holiday sale in 1919. It was to be given at last

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to the German people, twenty-seven years after it was written.

However, before it could be issued, reaction began to raise its head again in Prussia and throughout Germany. Bismarck's family, which might have been expected to be most interested in the final justification of its greatest member, was so ossified in conservatism, so Junker to the bone, that it repented and tried to secure the suppression of this great inheritance. Young Prince Otto Bismarck, commissioned by his mother, visited Berlin, got in touch with certain officers — members of the old nobility and devoted to the Kaiser — and read extracts of the dangerous book to them. The little clique swore to prevent its publication. They communicated their alarm to one of the most dangerous officials of the old government, Privy Counselor Kriege, who was acting as attorney for the Kaiser. That gentleman at once got in touch with Wilhelm in exile. The latter seems to have been a mere passive agent in the enterprise. Only one member of the group, the former Chief Marshal of the Court, Count Eulenburg, was shrewd enough to see that the publication of the book might help the Kaiser and volunteered to take a copy to him. However, he lost courage at the last moment and excused himself with the classic remark: 'I could not steel my heart to embitter the last years of my gracious master with matters relating to this man Bismarck, who had been such a trial to him during the first years of his reign.'

As a result, the emperor's attorney took measures to prevent the publication of the book on the ground that four or five letters which it contained were the property of Wilhelm of Hohenzollern who, as a private person, still retains property rights in Germany. A temporary injunction prohibiting publication was thus secured for eight days. Since then, three other courts, presided over by men in sympathy with the Kaiser, have continued the injunction. Political letters of Prince Wilhelm — for they were written before he ascended the throne — were declared to be private property. After the publisher at great expense and difficulty removed the letters from the printed volume, he was met with the further complication that the old contract provided that the memoirs should be published without additions or omissions. The court apparently overlooked the fact that this clause of the contract had been waived by the family previously, when it prevailed upon the publisher to print the first two volumes without the third.

New objections have been successively raised against the book's publication. A year ago, the Kaiser's champions asked that it be delayed in order not to prejudice European opinion in the question of surrendering the Kaiser to the Allies. Now they are asking for a still further delay until the Hohenzollern property controversy in Prussia is settled.

Bismarck's able and well-grounded criticism of Wilhelm II is a masterly piece of work. It is masterly in its dramatic composition, in its fairness, in its ironical humor, and last but not least in its tragic atmosphere, which unconsciously and unintentionally covers far broader and greater things than Bismarck's private fortunes.

With the art of a great writer of romance, Bismarck first leads upon the stage the remoter characters which contributed to his overthrow. The first chapter, 'Prince Wilhelm,' describes the early admiration and respect which the future Kaiser showed the Chancellor, followed by the growing discord between them even during the lifetime of his grandfather and father. In a letter written in 1887,

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Prince Wilhelm describes the Chancellor as a man whose 'glorious work,' the Empire, must be long protected and sheltered by its creator. Thirteen years later, the same Wilhelm in a formal speech referred to the same Chancellor as 'the handy man of my late, lamented grandfather.' In this earlier letter, the Prince apologizes for intervening in favor of an anti-Semite clergyman named Stöcker, whom Bismarck, replying with one of his classic epigrams, describes as 'doubly dangerous,' for 'in politics he is a priest, and in religion he is a politician.'

In another letter, written a year before the death of his father and grandfather — who died in quick succession — Prince Wilhelm informed the Chancellor of a proclamation he had written, addressed to the other ruling German princes, which he proposed to issue the moment he ascended the throne. In this document he indicated a wish to consult with the princes before he began to reign, for, added Wilhelm to Bismarck: 'We must have obedience.' He thus showed at this early date his complete misconception of the political power of the German Kaiser, who, as President of the German Federation, was not a ruler over his royal associates but merely first among equals. The expression throws a flash of light deep into the soul of the ambitious heir apparent, whose misconception of his office as that of a Roman emperor was finally to be his ruin.

Wilhelm wished sealed copies of this proclamation to be dispatched immediately to the representatives of Prussia at all the other courts in Germany, so that it might be delivered immediately and simultaneously to his fellow-sovereigns at his coronation. Such was the eagerness of the Prince to exercise authority. What did the old Chancellor reply? 'I would respectfully beg Your Royal Highness to burn at once the draft of a proclamation you have been so kind as to send me.' He followed this up by a letter, which fills ten printed pages, discussing matters of high policy, in which he pointed out to the young Prince what explosive material the twenty-two sealed envelopes in the little German royal capitals would prove to be the moment they were opened. He concluded with a long disquisition upon the principles on which the imperial constitution rested. A reader pauses with astonishment at discovering that the heir to the throne, already twenty-seven years old, was obviously ignorant of those principles, or else that his mind was already clouded by Cæsarian madness. In concluding this communication, the old Chancellor said: 'I have written almost a book and more perhaps than I should try to write in my present condition.' For he had written this important political but kind-hearted letter with his own hand, in order to spare the Prince any possible embarrassment.

The next chapter briefly sketches the Grand Duke of Baden, Waldersee, Bötticher, and others who were to be his future opponents, traces the causes of their hostility, and descibes the network of intrigue in Court and Parliament which they spun against him.

A chapter entitled, 'The Crown Council,' follows, showing how the divergent social theories of the young Kaiser and of Bismarck increased the friction between them. An impartial reader begins to appreciate here the peculiar interplay of forces which makes the last one hundred and eighty pages of the volume so tragic, in spite of the irony, the wit, and the ridicule with which this part of the narrative is colored. For in respect to one very important issue at conflict between the two silently struggling opponents, the

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young Kaiser with his youthful plasticity and intuition saw more clearly into the future than the great Chancellor, hardened as he was by the prejudices of his seventy-five years.

For that great architect, who — and who alone — erected the structure of the German state on such firm foundations that even the tornado of the World War and revolution could not shake it, nevertheless had furnished its interior with many articles much out of date. He had ruled alone until he could not accommodate himself to sharing power. In this phase of his controversy with the Kaiser, Bismarck was possessed of the idea that discontented workingmen must be sternly held down, while Wilhelm dreamed of appeasing the class conflict by advanced laws for protecting the laboring population. Bismarck tries to represent the matter as though the Kaiser wished to force men into idleness by a statutory limit to their hours of labor, although the men themselves wanted to work. He kept insisting in opposition to the Kaiser's standpoint, both in the Crown Council and in subsequent negotiations, that strikes were a thing for employers alone to settle — that the government had nothing to do with them.

A publication of this portion of the volume would benefit the Kaiser's reputation, for his plans for social legislation — inspired unhappily more by personal vanity than by a sincere desire to do good — were most commendable in themselves. It was later that he declared publicly, at a time the recruits were taking their oath of loyalty: 'If I so order, it is your duty to fire on your own fathers and brothers.' In this controversy, Bismarck yielded and Wilhelm's labor law went through. That is fortunate for Bismarck's reputation; for had the outcome been different, the Kaiser's defenders to-day would have ascribed his overthrow and the revolution entirely to Bismarck's repressive labor policy.

In the following chapters, Bismarck describes with acrid humor the friends of his young master, who officially and unofficially opposed the Chancellor's policies. Among others, he mentions the dilettante Von Hayden 'whom statesmen called a painter and painters called a statesman,' the dissipated young gambler Höfling, who made politics a side line, as well as a clergyman, a school-teacher, and a noble estate owner.

As tension increased, the influence of Bötticher, whom Bismarck himself had appointed to office, grew. The text from this point on is based upon daily memoranda by the author, the existence of which indicates that he saw the crisis coming. For the first time, he begins to debate whether it might not be better to retire voluntarily. It is suggestive of the astonishing blindness which his habit of authority had created in him toward the end of his career, that he allows the thought to appear two or three times in this survey of his past, that had he realized beforehand that he would actually be dismissed, he might have made it easier for both the Kaiser and himself.

The decisive moment approached. In January and February, 1890, a few weeks before his dismissal, Bismarck had a new dispute with his master. During a scene at the Berlin palace, which he pictures vividly, he abruptly put the point directly to the Kaiser: 'Apparently I am in Your Majesty's way?' And he continues: 'The Kaiser assented by remaining silent.'

Suddenly the Chancellor's feelings swung completely around. His old defiant spirit, all the anger, all the capacity to hate of his passionate

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nature, turned against his tormentor, and he resolved to make the dismissal as hard as possible. It is true that he takes good care not to put this in his memoirs, but the powerful chapter headed 'My Dismissal,' reveals in every line a man determined not to retire tamely after all he had done for his country, but to be driven forth amidst the clash of arms. At several cabinet sittings at which the Kaiser presided, all the members either actively or passively sided with the latter against the Chancellor. When Bismarck asked one of them later why, the answer was: 'We must do something to please him.' Bismarck comments sarcastically at this point, that he is glad to see the power of the King of Prussia so firmly established; that in 1862 (when he took office) it was very shaky. He thus adds the ironic touch of an old sage to the tragic episode.

Finally, toward the middle of March, the Kaiser became more urgent and seized the occasion of the late visit of Windthorst, the Centrist leader, to Bismarck, to create a scene. He announced that he would call on the Chancellor at nine o'clock in the morning, in such a way that the old suffering, sleepless Prince did not learn of the proposed visit until half past eight. When Bismarck courteously intimated this fact to the Kaiser, the latter remarked curtly that he had sent the message the previous noon. Thereupon he bitterly reproved the Prince for receiving Windthorst. The latter insisted that it was within his rights to receive distinguished public men at his home. Thereupon the Kaiser answered: 'Even though I, as your sovereign, forbid it?' Bismarck said, 'Yes.'

The Kaiser then referred to the new Reichstag, the proposed social insurance law, and other measures regarding all of which, as he knew beforehand, he held different opinions from those of the Prince. Last of all he reverted to his favorite project, of making another visit in the near future to the Tsar of Russia. Bismarck had waited for this. He calmly took a document from his portfolio, and glancing at it, cautioned the Kaiser against another visit; for a few days previously a report had arrived from the German Ambassador in London, Prince Hatzfeld, repeating some very malicious and contemptuous opinions which the Tsar had expressed of the Kaiser, and which had been reported to the Ambassador through trustworthy channels. The Kaiser demanded further details. Bismarck refused. The Kaiser ordered him to read the report. Bismarck continued to refuse to read to him personally anything so unpleasant; but held the report in his hand as a temptation for his sovereign. He was not deceived. The impulsive, curious, youthful Kaiser suddenly seized the memorandum and read it himself. He turned pale and was most disturbed, for as Bismarck maliciously relates, 'There were really some mighty mean things about him in it.' The Kaiser terminated the conversation, 'and contrary to his usual custom, he merely extended to me carelessly in parting the hand which was holding his helmet.' However, the old Chancellor does not record what the Tsar really said about the German monarch.

This vividly pictured scene, to which Bismarck ascribes the rapid approach of the climax, is followed by two pages of explanation, showing why he felt it his duty to inform the Kaiser of the contents of the report, since he otherwise could scarcely have been prevented from visiting Petrograd. He remarks in this connection that he took all reasonable precautions

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to prevent the Kaiser's reading the memorandum personally, and that the old Kaiser Wilhelm would never have thought of insisting upon seeing such a paper, when plainly cautioned against doing so. He concludes by observing, that in the old days messengers bringing evil news were punished, as if personally guilty of the facts they related.

Nevertheless one can read between the lines the diabolical delight of the great Chancellor, at being able to dangle under the nose of his enemy the real opinion of his imperial Russian colleague. He tasted all the sweetness of revenge by flavoring the crisis with this bitter draught for the vanity of the Kaiser. With perfect literary art Bismarck describes in a few lines the conclusion of the episode. The Kaiser received in some indirect way the report of a German consul in Russia, who intimated that he had discovered indications of a prospective general mobilization. The Kaiser, seized with sudden hatred of Russia as a result of the recent scene with the Chancellor and of reading the Tsar's insults, placed absolute credence in this casual document, although it was not confirmed by a single responsible communication in the files of the Foreign Office. In the midst of his passion he wrote an excited, abusive note to the Chancellor, inquiring why such an important fact had been concealed from him. He believed that the consul's report disclosed a great danger imminently threatening the country, and insisted that precautionary measures be taken at once.

Bismarck, who had followed a pro-Russian policy for thirty years, regarded the whole affair as a piece of nonsense; but his calm exposition of the facts only excited further the rage of his already angry master. Added to this was the notorious controversy as to whether Cabinet members were to deal officially with the Kaiser in person or through the Chancellor. Bismarck insisted on the strict observance of the unbroken precedent which had existed for forty years. The Kaiser insisted on dealing with his Cabinet officers individually, on the impulse of the moment. The Chancellor insisted that the practice hitherto observed be followed, and that a single mature opinion upon matters of policy should be submitted to the Emperor, and not six or seven hasty, immature, and often conflicting opinions. This was followed by the intrigues among higher officials already familiar to the public. Eventually Bismarck attained his object. The patience of his impatient master was exhausted. At length the Kaiser directed Bismarck to order that the old procedure be changed, and Cabinet officers be directed to report immediately to the sovereign. This meant that Bismarck should practically sign his own abdication. He refused, but placed his resignation in the Kaiser's hands.

During the preceding thirty years he had already employed the same threat a half dozen times or more, in order to bend his monarch to his will. On one occasion the old Kaiser returned his resignation with the marginal note 'Never.' This time, however, the young Emperor sent the chief of his civil cabinet that very day to receive the document. Bismarck composed it slowly and thoughtfully, taking his time. This did not suit the impatient young sovereign, who sent an adjutant to say, 'The Kaiser would like the letter by 2 o'clock P. M.' Bismarck's pride revolted. He answered: 'I am ready at any time to sign an order to resign'; but he insisted that a resignation worthy of the position he held in German history should

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be written with care and deliberation.

The following pages of the volume contain this famous document, which was made public through an indiscretion the day after Bismarck's death. Following his resignation the title of Duke was conferred upon him, but he refused to accept it.

Bismarck was forced to vacate the house where he had planned three victorious wars and created an empire, in such haste that the halls and stairways were crowded with new servants, bringing in the goods of his successor, before his own servants had finished packing. The man who succeeded him was General Caprivi, to whom Bismarck devotes a short disparaging chapter, but whom the Kaiser in communicating his appointment to Francis Joseph described as 'the greatest German next to Bismarck.' As an epilogue to this important section of the book, there is a chapter entitled: 'Kaiser Wilhelm II.' Here Bismarck displays his literary ability at its best. With subtle malice and an appearance of historical impartiality, the character of the Kaiser is explained from the traits of his ancestors — in such a way as to make their weaknesses and blunders seem apologies for the weaknesses and blunders of the new ruler, while their virtues and strong qualities are simply passed over as not existing in the grandson. So he proceeds from Frederick I's love of display, to Frederick William I's hobby for tall soldiers, to Frederick the Great's thirst for glory, to Frederick William IV's sentimentalism and weaknesses, to Frederick III's vanity and sensitiveness — and this delightful portrayal of character is interrupted by the casual remark: 'The only one of his ancestors from whom the present Kaiser seemed to have inherited nothing is his grandfather, Wilhelm I.' That statement is followed by an unqualified eulogy of the latter monarch.

The book concludes with an acute criticism of the treaty concluded by Caprivi, exchanging Zanzibar for Helgoland, and a still more telling criticism of the failure to renew the treaty with Russia. With a tragic gift of prophecy, with true Cassandra vision, the old statesman foresaw what a calamity severing its old intimacy with Russia was to prove for Germany. And his final words predict with deep emotion the troublous times impending for the empire which he founded. 'Under these conditions I see great perils hanging over Germany, and indeed all Europe. The longer the catastrophe is delayed the more frightful it will be when it arrives.'

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[*Berliner Tageblatt* (Anglophile Radical Liberal Daily), *December 1, 4, 1920*]

'G. Q. G.' I

[*G. Q. G.* is the title of a book just published in Paris, which is being read eagerly by everyone in France. The puzzling letters are the initials of *Grand Quartier Général*, the official designation of the French general headquarters. Its author, 'Jean de Pierrefeu,' is a young literary man and journalist, who was attached to the General Staff from the beginning of the war to write its daily notices for the press.]

It is characteristic of the keen attention which the French pay to artistic form, that they should have engaged a writer of talent to give their Staff communications a literary quality. Jean de Pierrefeu spent three years at general headquarters, dwelling in their most confidential confines when their secrets were concealed from the outer world by impenetrable walls. Quite naturally, therefore, the memoirs of such a man possess extraordinary interest. The book discloses carefully guarded secrets. The impenetrable walls suddenly become transparent. The author leads his readers to the most hidden recesses of the Staff offices, shows how the army machine worked, and lives over with them the great incidents of the war. It is a lucid, cleverly written book, holding fast the excellent French tradition, which always places the personal and vital in the foreground. It is as absorbing as a thrilling romance. But it is not written in a militarist vein. Quite the contrary, the author shows himself as an enemy of professional military obscurantism and the army caste spirit, from which he clearly suffered during his sojourn at headquarters. He is a man of independent judgment and critical acuteness, and strips the veil unsparingly from weakness and blundering. Naturally he is a patriot, and in many respects aggressively so; and he is an enthusiastic admirer of the military leaders who finally won the war for France.

A German will read the book with profound emotion. He will follow with depression and distress the steps by which the Entente slowly struggled on to victory and Germany's defeat was fatally assured. It is particularly painful for a German to discover from these revelations how close to victory Germany was on more than one occasion. The book also presents additional evidence that Germany might have had a fair and honest peace at several crises of the war. It thus emphasizes anew the unforgivable political blunders which Germany committed, at the behest of military leaders who had usurped the authority of the state.

During the war the French general headquarters moved from place to place. At first they were at Chantilly, a little town near Paris, pleasantly located in verdant meadows, famous for its horse races and for the palace of the Grand Condé. Then they took up their abode at several other points — last of all at Metz; but the French public always thought of them as in Chantilly. They did not occupy the great palace there — the author tells us that General Joffre's republican simplicity took offense at this historical building, — but in the Hotel du Grand Condé. 'The

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principal impression which Chantilly left upon my mind,' the author says, 'is that of ennui, official ennui, the worst kind of all.' General headquarters seemed to him a great military monastery; life was dull, monotonous; nothing but work, work, and more work. Every Bureau was a bitter rival of its neighbor. Whole mountains of documents were accumulated. Social life was practically nil; there was no club as at the German headquarters. The resemblance to a monastery was increased by the fact that no women were allowed near the sacred precincts. Whenever the offices were transferred to a new point, there was a ruthless driving out of the fair sex before the army authorities installed themselves. Naturally the Staff escaped from this monotony and isolation whenever possible, by hurried motor trips to Paris. When General Pellé was quartermaster general, he was detected on one of these impromptu escapes from duty by the misfortune of having his name printed in the Paris edition of the New York *Herald* as registered at the Grand Hotel.

This book gives us a clear account of the French General Staff. Its most important section is the 'Third'— the Bureau of Operations. This was isolated by special measures, even from neighboring Bureaus of the General Staff, and was the *sanctum sanctorum* of secrecy in this intensely secret organization. Its officers, deeply impressed with their dignity, asserted their precedence in this military cloister and formed a class apart. They were known by the nickname 'The Young Turks.' Their doctrinaire self-assurance, which brooked no argument or criticism, their arbitrary exercise of authority, the jealous guard they kept over the commanding general, combined to foist this nickname upon them. The highest goal of military ambition, according to the author, is to be a *chasseur à pied*, a graduate of the military academy, and a member of the Third Bureau.

A special chapter is devoted to the pyschology of the *breveté*. A *breveté* is an officer who has attended the military academy and graduated with a certificate which entitles him to serve on the General Staff. He is a man filled with the conviction that he knows everything better, and can do everything better, than can anyone else; who feels that he is the unqualified superior of everyone of his fellow creatures in every conceivable respect. The *breveté* esteems as his highest quality *le cran*, a word in army slang derived from the adjective *crane*, meaning bold or daring, and which we perhaps would designate by dash or swagger. The *breveté* is possessed of unconquerable distrust of civilians, and particularly of civilians in authority. This culminates in a holy horror of members of Parliament. The secret and sometimes open struggle between the military bureaus of the general headquarters and the Parliament at Paris is frequently brought to the reader's attention throughout the book. However, in direct contrast with what occurred in Germany, the civil government always proved the stronger. This was perhaps one reason why France gained the war — the civil government never let itself be mastered by its military servants. Jean de Pierrefeu concludes his characterization of the *breveté* as follows: 'They are specialists, and therefore are more or less indifferent to intellectual acquirements and gifts which lie outside their specialty. When they air their ideas upon social or philosophic topics they utterly astound one by their primitive and naïve conceptions.'

The 'Second' or Military Intelligence Bureau, ranked next to the

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'Third' or Operations Bureau, in importance. Jean de Pierrefeu reveals to us how perfectly this Intelligence Bureau was informed of German troop movements. 'For example, you would hear Colonel Dupont, chief of the Bureau, say: "I have had one new guard division in the vicinity of Montfaucon for three days,"' indicating that the German front had been strengthened by one new division at that point. This Colonel Dupont was a remarkable man, whose favorite reading was the romances of the elder Dumas. Obviously more or less hostility existed between the Second and the Third Bureau. The officers in charge of operations invariably received the reports of the military intelligence department with doubt and incredulity.

The 'First' Bureau had charge of personnel. Its chief, Lieutenant Colonel Bel, was a much feared man and was nicknamed, 'Fouquier-Tinville,' after the blood-stained prosecutor attached to the revolutionary tribunal in the days of 'Terror.' He was regarded as pitiless, and it was commonly reported that he had decapitated one hundred and forty-seven generals.

Allied military missions were attached to the French General Staff. They are described in this book, whose author paints a most amusing picture of the chief of the English Mission, General Yard-Buller, who insisted on breeding blooded dogs at headquarters.

We learn to know General Joffre intimately through the chapters of this book — the first of the French general commanders, the man who won the Battle of the Marne. Our German public was never permitted to know that this battle, which decided the war against Germany, was a defeat. Our General Staff reports merely mentioned the retirement of one wing. While our people were kept in complete ignorance of our disaster, the fame of the French commander who won this battle was resounding throughout the entire world outside our borders. The author describes how homage and praise flowed into General Joffre's quarters, not only from France but from every Allied country. He was celebrated in every language as a savior, received thousands of letters and countless gifts. France regarded Joffre somewhat as Germany regarded Hindenburg after he won the Tannenberg battle. Apparently the two commanders had many similar personal traits. Gifts poured in so abundantly that Joffre was compelled to turn part of them over to his colleagues. Letters were addressed to him as 'World Savior,' 'Father of the Fatherland,' 'Executor of God's Will,' 'Benefactor of Mankind.' Innumerable children wrote to him addressing him as 'Dear Father.' So Jean de Pierrefeu describes the almost divine honors shown the great commander for two years. The latter loved intensely the odor of this incense. He would shut himself up for hours reading the letters addressed to him. He inspected every gift and retained a large share of them as his personal property. Although an honest, kindly, excellent man at heart, he was unusually self-willed and despotic. His associates had to use great diplomatic tact in order to persuade him to adopt certain measures which were necessary, but which he viewed with disfavor. An officer making a report to him stumbled a little at one point. Joffre, on the alert, suddenly asked him to point out Monastir on the map, and when the latter could not do this instantly, deprived him on the spot of his post and rank. One of his personal peculiarities was to refer to himself frequently in the most mournful accents as 'Poor Joffre! Poor Joffre!' stroking himself on the head

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as he did so. He was an unshakable Republican, and became offended if a person spoke disparagingly of members of Parliament in his presence. Once on Good Friday he chanced to notice that he was being served only with the food permitted by the Church. He flew into a violent rage, and ordered meat to be brought at once, shouting, 'I am a Republican General!'

It strikes a German oddly to discover that the second section of the book contains in its title, *The Twilight of Joffre*, an allusion to Wagner's opera. What led to Joffre's fall was the growing discontent in France over a war of attrition, *la guerre d'usure*, which Joffre insisted upon. The French people lost patience and demanded quick results. Joffre's position was first sensibly shaken by the attack on Hartmannsweilerkopf, *le vieil Harmand*, late in 1915. The French assaults at first were successful. 'During the following days,' writes Jean de Pierrefeu, 'the Germans counter-attacked. Little by little we had to give up all we had won. The operations resulted in a zero. This attack upon Hartmannsweilerkopf was typical of a war of attrition as conducted in 1915.' Criticism poured in from Paris; there was a call for the documents relating to this action. Public opinion and Parliament were disturbed. Some deputies started a campaign against General Joffre. At headquarters they particularly feared the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, which was dominated by Clemenceau. Joffre had to go to Paris to quiet the storm in Parliament, and was able to hold his position only by subordinating himself more than hitherto to Cabinet control. As a consequence generals serving at the front began to correspond directly with members of Parliament, and to intrigue against the commander-in-chief. Briand was Joffre's resolute champion through this period. One result of the intrigue in Parliament was the appointment of General de Castelnau as chief of the General Staff. Joffre feared Castelnau was being groomed as his successor, and quietly did what he could to block him — an enterprise in which he was loyally supported by the 'Young Turk' camarilla in the Third Bureau, which had no use for the new Staff chief. For some time after his appointment, Castelnau did not succeed in getting a single personal interview with Joffre. He was not informed of the contents of the most important dispatches; and was otherwise ignored as much as possible. These military cabals were suddenly terminated by the German attack on Verdun.

The German offensive at Verdun came as a complete surprise to the French General Staff, or at least to the Third Bureau. It is true that the Second Bureau — the Intelligence Department — had issued timely warnings; but as usual the operation department refused to credit these reports. Shortly before the attack, the Cabinet at Paris took alarm. A somewhat tart correspondence ensued between the ministry and headquarters. The Third Bureau insisted that every necessary precaution had been taken at Verdun, but the other bureaus regarded these assurances with great skepticism. At the first sweep of the German attack, the front broke — *brusquenent tout plia devant l'ennemi*. 'It was very clear that the commander-in-chief was worried. One had no difficulty in discovering, from the attitude of the responsible bureau, that it had been surprised by events in spite of all its formal denials.' The reports from the field of battle kept growing worse. Headquarters, from the commander-in-chief down, began to assert that it would be no disaster if Verdun were surrendered. Verdun was, after all,

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only a geographical point. Verdun was not all France. Prime Minister Briand hastened to headquarters in extreme concern and listened at dinner to these new theories of the young officers who surrounded General Joffre. He violently combatted their opinion. The Verdun crises was a situation which must be judged not solely by its military, but also by its moral effect. General Joffre calmed the Premier. There was no suggestion of surrendering the city without a battle. However, it was necessary to admit repeated French defeats in the General Staff reports. On the third day of the battle, Mr. Berthelot, acting for the Premier, telephoned that headquarters must adopt a more serious tone in its statements to the public, and must tell the people what vast forces the enemy had assembled for their attack. The author adds, 'It was felt necessary to prepare the public for the worst, in case a catastrophe should ensue.'

On February 26, 1916, a German General Staff report reached headquarters stating their forces had captured the armored Fort Douaumont the previous afternoon. This German report produced a frightful shock. No news had reached headquarters to that effect. So at first the Staff refused absolutely to credit the news. When the truth of the German dispatch had been confirmed, it hastened to draft a statement to the public, picturing the swift alternations in the fighting around Fort Douaumont, although it did not, as a matter of fact, know that such alternating advances and retreats had occurred. The official statement of the reason for the surrender of the Fort was as follows: 'During a relief of units fighting in the vicinity of the Fort, what was occurring inside the Fort itself was momentarily overlooked. A battery chief and a few men were the only ones left in the stronghold. The Brandenburg infantry discovered this and captured the fortress and its little garrison. Soon afterward, the French who were entrenched along the side of the hill, discovered to their astonishment that they were being fired on from the Fort itself.'

While affairs were in this extremely critical state, the French Staff was exerting itself to the utmost to speed up measures for saving Verdun. Merely mentioning the capture of Fort Vaux by the Germans, Jean de Pierrefeu turns from a discussion of Verdun to the Battle of the Somme. But we learn from the first lines of the next chapter, how near the Germans were to capturing the former city. The French commander decided to attack the German front at another point in order to relieve the pressure on Verdun. General Pétain, the defender of Verdun, resolutely opposed such a measure and demanded that all the forces available be placed at his disposal. 'We may assume,' says the author, 'that had it not been for General Pétain's vigor, his clear recognition of the main issue, his constant demand for new divisions — in which he did not shun appealing directly to the Cabinet — Verdun would have been lost. On the thirteenth of July, when the Somme battle had been under way for two weeks, the Germans by a desperate effort reached Fort Souville. They almost attained their goal.'

Ultimately the French General Staff was able to carry out its idea of a separate offensive to relieve Verdun, and this developed into the battle on the Somme. Preparations took a long time. The French would not attack until the English were quite ready, and the latter were slow getting into position. During the interval, the Paris press had a crisis of nerves and roundly abused the allies of France for standing passive, while Germany was push-

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ing a three months' assault against that country. Finally, on the first of July, the Anglo-French offensive started on the Somme and gained some successes. Immediately, the Germans counter-attacked violently, and drove the English back at many points. After the fighting had continued during all July, French headquarters began to realize that it was a useless effort, and would not result in penetrating the German line of defense.

General Foch commanded at the Somme. His failure there destroyed his prestige at headquarters. The Staff asserted that he had outlived his day, and one of the leading officers of the Third Bureau said personally to the author of this book: 'General Foch and his Latin are done for, and he is now a candidate for a silk hat.'

However, the most important outcome of the Somme battle was to discredit General Joffre himself. Dissatisfaction with his plan of campaign reached a climax. General Nivelle was greeted as the coming man, since he had succeeded in recapturing Fort Douaumont. The author of the book lets us see that General Nivelle was also the favored candidate of the Third Bureau, which urged his appointment as commander-in-chief with an idea of keeping Pétain or Foch out of that office. The latter two were men of such pronounced views and force of character that they would have speedily curtailed that Bureau's autocratic powers. So General Joffre had to go. The government transferred him to a merely decorative post, created especially for him. He was summoned to Paris as technical adviser of the cabinet, with the title of Supreme Commander of the French Forces; but that title was an empty one. When Joffre was named Generalissimo and thus deprived of active control of military operations, the latter were placed in the hands of General Nivelle, who was appointed commander-in-chief of the northern and northeastern army. Marshal Joffre summoned the chiefs of the bureaus which had been under him, to say a farewell word. He had the right to select three adjutants, and asked which of the gentlemen present would like to accompany him. An embarrassing silence ensued. None of his old officers wished to share the destinies of the Marshal, who, in spite of his proud title, was now a fallen hero. Only one volunteered. Joffre was not offended, however, because his recent subordinates thus left him in the lurch. After the others had left the room, he remained alone with Major Thouzelier, the officer who had remained loyal, slapped him on the shoulder and exclaimed: 'Poor Joffre! Damned Thouzelier!'

[*Il Secolo* (Milan Radical Daily), *November 30, 1920*]

HOW WE ALIENATED WILSON

BY G. A. ANDRIULLI

Now that the Adriatic question has been settled, we can discuss our past errors without appearing to indulge in sterile recrimination. They have become historical incidents to be studied as part of one of the most unhappy episodes of our international relations. During that period Wilson's influence seemed to hover over Italy like the shadow of an evil genius. Indeed to such an extent was this true that his disappearance from the world stage seems to have been followed immediately by the relatively easy attainment of our most important aspirations. We do not wish to imply that the President of the United States ought justly to be made a target for our criticism and hatred; but we should try to understand how his mind was distort-

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ed into an attitude of permanent prejudice against us. Was this the result of preconceived hostility or of the accumulated blunders of our own government? We have consistently believed that the second explanation is the true one, without absolving Wilson from all blame for his errors. Now our position receives powerful support from an unexpected source; the evidence of our former ambassador at Washington, the recently deceased Count di Cellere.

Italian papers of all parties have vigorously criticized the conduct of that diplomat, and on the strength of official information they have mainly blamed him for our failure at Paris. They have asserted that Italy's representatives at the Peace Conference were unprepared for Wilson's opposition, because they had been misled by the undue optimism of our Washington ambassador, who reported that he had won over the President to our side. These charges embittered the last months of di Cellere's life, and he devoted that period to arranging for publication documents in his defense. His sudden death prevented the completion of the work; but they have now been collected and printed, together with his letters and memoranda, in a volume of memoirs.*

Let us say first of all that the evidence here presented completely exculpates the ambassador of all responsibility for Wilson's attitude, or of misleading our government regarding his attitude. In a letter written shortly before his death di Cellere thus summarized these charges and his defense:

(It is claimed that) 'Before the Peace Conference, Wilson made serious representations to me regarding his views on the Italian question; that I, on the other hand, informed my government that Wilson was in full accord with the Italian attitude. (That would imply that I had lapsed into second childhood!) Therefore Orlando and Sonnino (unhappy victims!) believed Wilson was favorable to our claims, and when the truth became known it was too late to mend matters. Every word of this is false. I repeatedly cabled Rome Wilson's views on the Adriatic problem, at least a year before the Peace Conference occurred. At that time I urged that we have a definite understanding with him. I stated clearly and unambiguously to Sonnino and Orlando, in the presence of witnesses (Salvago Raggi, Barzilai), Wilson's opinions when he came to the Conference; and took the liberty to suggest that our claims be at once brought to the front, at the same time indicating how this might be done.'

This is the thesis developed in the present volume.

To-day, after all that occurred at the Paris Conference in connection with Fiume, it is hard to read without emotion the prophetic words which di Cellere sent the government on April 19, 1917, when America's intervention became a fact.

'America's aid, of decisive importance to the Allied cause, gives it a first mortgage on the Peace Treaty. Wilson will bring to the Conference all his baggage of theories and prepossessions. Among the first will be: the destruction of aristocracy and militarism, enforcement of the principle of nationality, guaranteeing the political autonomy of the small nations; while among the second are his instinctive aversion to territorial aggrandizement, and his advocacy of the freedom of the seas, a principle not well defined but involving the right of every country to uninterrupted and unhampered access to the sea.'

We should add here, that Mr. Wil-

* Justus. V. Macchi di Cellere all' ambasciata di Washington, memorie e testimonianze, Firenze, R. Bemporad e F., ed.

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son had on many occasions expressed strong sympathy and friendship for Italy, notwithstanding the violent propaganda which both our friends and our enemies were conducting against us; and that the Italian government on account of Sonnino's objections, which di Cellere vainly tried to overcome, steadily refused to inform the public of the seriousness of this propaganda or to advocate energetically the justice of Italy's claims. But what was the President's attitude toward these claims? Quoting the volume before us: 'Early in January 1918, the President delivered the message containing his war programme, in which he favored allotting Italy frontiers coinciding with its ethnographic boundaries. Since this expression appeared to the Ambassador ambiguous or inadequate, he sought from the President a more precise definition.'

'Mr. Wilson immediately upon receiving me, said that he knew that the Italian press had exhibited some disappointment, thinking that his message did not show enough consideration for that country's national aspirations. He pointed out, however, that the document should be judged as a whole, and that each of its paragraphs was to be interpreted by the meaning of the others. Consequently Point 9, relative to Italy, was to be read in connection with Point 14, proposing a League of Nations, which should guarantee every country, great and small, political independence and territorial integrity. Following up this idea, he pointed out that the organization of the proposed League would do away with the importance of strategic frontiers, because the League would guarantee the integrity and independence of every country. Therefore, he said in conclusion, he had not mentioned the importance of strategic boundaries for Italy, merely alluding to the necessity for rectifying those boundaries along lines of nationality. But if the League of Nations should not be created, obviously Italy would be called upon to provide for its strategic security, and the whole question would assume a different aspect.'

The conversation was prolonged by our Ambassador, who enumerated the reasons which impelled us to assure our security on land and sea, and pointed out that we were innocent of any imperialistic designs. The President raised no objections to the Ambassador's presentation of this question.

Di Cellere, in reporting this interview, adds:

'Before taking leave, I urged my anxiety that his views should be accurately communicated to my people; so I repeated them as follows: "I understand that you recognize Italy's right to guarantee its own future defense and security, and that you have not made explicit mention of this merely because you assume that the League of Nations which you propose will provide that security." He replied, "Yes, it being understood that if the League should fail, then the question of strategic frontiers for Italy will have to be taken up again and considered under a different aspect."'

Every one will recall that Clemenceau succeeded in bringing Wilson to his point of view by presenting him the alternative of a League of Nations possessing power to enforce its decision, or special strategic guaranties. If Orlando and Sonnino had paid due regard to this warning from our Ambassador in Washington, they would have followed the same course as Clemenceau.

During an interview in November 1918, the President stated to the Am-

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bassador his belief that the Yugoslav question was then occupying the attention of Europe more than Alsace-Lorraine. He said that the London Treaty assumed the existence of Austria, a country that no longer existed. He added that he was impressed with the difficulties of the problem, and had no personal views which he would insist upon as yet; and that accordingly, 'his mind was open to adopt whatever decision appeared just and most likely to guarantee a permanent peace.' Later, just before Wilson left for Europe, di Cellere describes his attitude to our government as follows:

'He instinctively realizes that his peace programme will encounter many obstacles, and foresees conflicts and difficulties particularly with England and France. His proposal to hold the Conference in Switzerland was due to his firm intention to get away from excessive and compromising French influence. His frequent exhibitions of sympathy for our country (his recent visit at our Embassy has produced a profound impression) are significant. Equally important is the following confidential information which I have received from a person of authority: England and France are doing their utmost to destroy the London Treaty so far as it applies to Italy, and it is to be feared that they will start a violent campaign to influence public opinion in America in favor of the Yugoslavs. Wilson stands with Italy, and wants to support that country. His position will be much stronger if he has the obvious backing of the American people. It is desirable that some antidote be found for the poisonous campaign being conducted here, and that the people be won over to the Italian view. My informant suggests in this connection that General Diaz visit America immediately.'

In a memorandum which di Cellere prepared in his own defense shortly before his death, he adds:

'As we were about to embark for France, Wilson told me that he had as yet formed no plan in his own mind for the solution of the Adriatic problem. He cherished doubts. He considered Yugoslavia one of the thorniest questions which would come up before the Conference, and believed it was in Italy's interest to smooth the way for a friendly solution by every means possible. He had studied the question in a favorable attitude to ourselves. He had not seen the official text of the London Treaty. (Neither had I seen one.) In reply to my question, he said that he had not of his own accord brought up the question of that Treaty. Two days before we reached France he summoned me to tell me that the Treaty had been communicated to him by certain other parties. (Probably by England, which had no right to do this without Italy's consent.) In any case, Wilson hastened to inform me. Moreover, I had notified Rome some months previously of Wilson's obvious desire to get the Yugoslavia question settled in a friendly way. However, when Wilson landed in France, distrustful of England, suspicious and hostily alert toward France (he had tried to prevent the Conference being held at Paris and had told me confidentially aboard the vessel that he considered Clemenceau a man of a past age), he was extremely sympathetic with Italy and was disposed to favor that country in every way in return for some slight sacrifices in the Adriatic, which he honestly believed would be in our interest, and consequently considered wholly in harmony with his ambitious hope of healing at a touch the most sensitive and deep-seated ills of Europe. This was the Wilson that I turned over to the Italian government, assuring it

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clearly and definitely that though his sympathies were with us, his mind was open to dangerous reservations with regard to Yugoslavia.'

We have remarked that di Cellere asserts that he urged the cabinet to take up this question with Wilson immediately, on the occasion of his visit to Italy. Instead of that Wilson was allowed to go his own way, because, as the editor of the *Memoirs* asserts, Orlando and Sonnino were not sure that they themselves were in complete agreement. This blunder was aggravated at the Paris Conference, from the moment our delegates were nominated.

'The other great powers were already prepared, and had gathered at Paris with a numerous staff of experts. We allowed this time to pass without any preparation of our own. In addition, we selected our delegates from consideration of Parliament expediency. They were Salandra, Barzilai, and Salvago Raggi. No doubt the first two, who had rendered such distinguished service during the war, were naturally entitled to share in the peace negotiations. It is equally certain that there were few men, in Italy or outside of Italy, who had contributed more toward our knowledge of colonial affairs than Marquis Salvago Raggi. But neither these three gentlemen, nor our Cabinet officers, had agreed beforehand upon a definite plan of procedure.'

'Salandra and Barzilai fortunately stood together on one point — annexing Fiume. The third delegate particularly insisted on some guiding rule for our policy. We must subordinate our objects to our principles. Therefore the Conference had hardly assembled when these gentlemen were cast aside, so that they met only at the breakfast table in Hotel Edward VII. Salandra soon wearied of being a mere mannikin and returned to Italy. Marquis Salvago, seeing that his views received no attention and that he was not even asked his opinion, took refuge in the reserve which is characteristic of him. Barzilai made every effort to secure sympathy and support, and was finally selected to draw up the memorandum upon our claims, which was the most effective thing that the Italian delegates did. During both the latter and the earlier part of the Conference, Sonnino was absent. Since the debates were held in English, Orlando could not understand all that was going on, or argue effectively in our behalf. For a few days he had the able services of Prince Lanza di Trabia. That gentleman's assistance would have been of inestimable value if he had not been replaced by a French captain, who soon proved incompetent to perform his duties. So our Prime Minister was isolated among the other three, whose discussions he could not follow and who were not friendly toward him.'

[*L'Ecole Émancipée* (Organ of the French Public School-Teachers' Assn.), *November 1, 1920*]

AN INCIDENT IN HISTORY

One day in November 1849, several illustrious gentlemen, whose names still live in history, assembled in the study of the eminent cabinet officer, Falloux, whose school law was to regulate the system of public instruction in France for many years thereafter. These gentlemen who had come together at the minister's home were his associates in drafting that famous statute: Veuillot, the forceful editor of *L'Univers*, Montalembert, already an overcelebrated man, Monsignor Parisis, the Bishop of Langres, and a vivacious, restless, eloquent little man with great spectacles whom destiny had decreed should play a most important rôle in

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the history of his country, Adolf Thiers.

Veuillot and Bishop Parisis considered the Falloux law too liberal, or not sufficiently reactionary. Thiers defended it vigorously, but yielding somewhat to his distinguished opponents admitted that education was not for everyone, but should be given only to those who possess a certain standing in society. He discoursed on this subject for a considerable period with his usual eloquence. When he concluded all the others seemed to be in agreement with him. However, one of the gentlemen present, who had hitherto said nothing and sat apart, suddenly spoke. It was a Jesuit Father who, requesting permission to express his views, observed as follows:

'It seems to me that all that has been said so far is based upon an initial error. You are all afraid of public education. You fancy that when the people are educated, it will be impossible to govern them, and that as their knowledge increases, they will be more prone to revolution. I do not agree with this. We need have no fear of educating the people. In my opinion, education is the best way to get possession of the minds of the masses, and to make the commons completely subservient to the will of their masters.' Falloux greeted these words with a gesture of dissent, Thiers with a sarcastic smile, Montalembert with an angry ejaculation, while the Bishop, out of respect for the Jesuit, contented himself with making the sign of the cross. However, the speaker continued.

'Listen to me and you will admit I am right! Before 1789, the common people — the workingmen and peasants — could not read or write. That did not prevent their making a revolution. So you will have to admit that illiterate people can revolt successfully. The public opinion which had gradually turned against the old government was not formed by reading. In 1789, the sans-culottes were densely ignorant of the Encyclopedia. Republican ideas had been disseminated among them, not by books, not by newspapers, but by word of mouth — by bourgeois agitators, Voltarians, and by educated house servants who acted as intermediaries for malcontents. Men of sober thought and conservative opinions unhappily had neglected their duty of keeping in touch with the common people, of mingling among them and molding their opinions; so consequently the Revolutionists had things their own way. Noblemen, men of letters, and clergymen do not congregate in the haunts of the mob, do not frequent inns and markets. So they have only one way to tame the plebeian lion — which is not really a lion, but a dog subject to occasional fits of madness. How then are they to domesticate and instruct him? It is necessary that the common people should know how to read and should enjoy reading. Have no fear. If you are shrewd, they will never read anything except what you wish.'

There were renewed signs of dissent from the gentlemen present, but the Jesuit continued unperturbed:

'Listen! Books cost money. The people cannot buy them. Publish cheap editions at a trifling price, of books of your own choice, or write books especially for the poorer classes. The common people, or rather the more intelligent among them, will buy these books and will buy only these. So far as the flower of the lower classes is concerned — I mean people of the lower classes who possess superior intelligence and independence and enterprise — you can buy them outright. You can buy anything. It is merely a question of price.

'But the most marvelous instru-

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ment of social conservation,' continued the Jesuit, 'you already have in your possession. You hold it in your hands. I mean the newspapers. Found papers of all shades of opinions, even the most subversive, so that you may pass for Liberals; but be sure to make them cheap and interesting, and to flatter the mob. Make your newspapers the daily brain food of the populace. Make them indispensable for a working class which has been judiciously educated. In this way you can destroy all individual opinion in that class. The brains of the people will be conscious of no other doctrines than those which you inculcate. Your readers will think *en masse* what you want them to think, and they will follow you the more docilely because they fancy they are acting independently. But in order to do all these things, the people must be educated. People may be educated without acquiring independence of mind. Only the highest education can give the latter, and it will be a long time before the rank and file reach that highest standard.

'The lower classes will never be able to control the journals you will found, because that requires large sums of money. If our rich middle class citizens will take care to establish enough popular newspapers, rival publications started by the lower classes will be sure to fail. You will be the exclusive manufacturers of public opinion.

'What our country needs,' concluded the Jesuit while the others were silent with surprise, 'is free, obligatory, public instruction; and I may add, lay instruction. If France adopts that system which seems to you now a mad one, I prophesy, without the slightest fear of being in error, that the common people will fall so completely under your influence as to rejoice in their condition, and will readily ally themselves with the middle classes against any revolutionary factions which may arise. If in days to come the government of any nation is overthrown, it will be a government whose subjects are largely illiterate. For complete education makes a man free; but half education merely makes him overconfident, and an easy prey to the persuasion of men who would rule him.'

Thiers made no reply when the Father ceased, but remained plunged in silent meditation. Twenty years later, when fate raised him to the presidency of the Third Republic, he had not forgotten the arguments of the Jesuit so many years before. His school policy and his use of the press were tokens of homage to that advice.

[*La Stampa* (Turin Giolitti Daily), *November 27, 1920*]

THREE MONTHS IN BOLSHEVIST RUSSIA. I

BY E. COLOMBINO

[The following is from the report of the delegate of the Italian Metal Workers' Union, a Socialist, who was sent to Russia last May to make an exhaustive investigation of industrial conditions in that country for the information of the Labor Union to which he belongs.]

We are at Yamburg, the first town in the soviet Republic. The fact is impressed on our attention by hearing 'The International' played and sung. The railway station is decorated with red festoons and banners. Lenin's picture forms the centre of countless allegorical Bolshevist propaganda posters. A phonograph is repeating to a group of soldiers and peasants, speeches by Lenin, Trotzky, and other orators. This is our first example of the way propaganda is conducted here.

Before reaching Russia's former capital, our train stops for two hours at the station of Gachina. A good sized crowd is clustered behind a

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detachment of Red soldiers ranged on a little platform. To the rhythmic waving of Red flags, they chant the solemn air of 'The International,' with almost religious fervor. When this hymn is played, soldiers stand at attention, and the citizens uncover. It is a picturesque and moving spectacle. Many of us, even though we may be somewhat skeptical, wipe away a furtive tear.

Short addresses of welcome are delivered, and we resume our journey to Petrograd. When we arrive, Comrade Zinovieff, Mrs. Balabanoff, and others meet us at the station. There are salutes, and embraces, and tears, mingled with cheering and military music. As we leave the station, a guard of women soldiers drawn up along the way presents arms. They are handsome, young women, erect in their dark and almost elegant uniforms. We pass in an automobile between long ranks of soldiers, and finally reach the mansion designated for the use of the Italian mission.

So at last we are here, in the city which gave birth to the revolution and saw it through its precarious infancy. Our sojourn of eight days in what was formerly a beautiful, modern metropolis with flourishing industries, is ample to show us why the correspondents of bourgeois papers have sent us such pessimistic and gloomy descriptions of its present condition.

Any man of the middle class, whether a journalist by profession or drafted into that service after his return from Russia, who is ignorant of Russia's history, who cannot and could not be expected to comprehend the causes underlying the revolution through which that country has passed, is perfectly logical and honest in describing things here as horrible, and in blaming the Bolsheviki for the country's moribund condition. Only an eye of Socialist faith and training can perceive in Russia anything else than its present material ruin.

We are literally treading on the ruins of a world crushed to atoms by a war and two revolutions. A new world has not yet arisen, and cannot be brought into existence by the mere waving of a magician's wand. It was a short matter to destroy the old rotten system. But it will take a long, long time to build a new one, especially when its architects refuse to preserve a single line of the former structure.

Petrograd looks to-day like a city in mourning. Of its two and one half million people, only some six hundred thousand remain. Most of the others have removed to the country, where it is easier to procure food; part are fighting at the front, and the remainder have died by battle, by revolution, by violent epidemics, and in some instances by starvation and cold. It is a horrible thing, a spectacle that wrings your heart, and brings an oath to your lips — a malediction not against those who started the revolution, nor yet against the Bolsheviki, who themselves are the helpless children of circumstance.

Business houses are closed. Private trading is prohibited. Show windows are broken. The shutters still lying in fragments along the street add their peculiar note to the picture of desolation. Here and there remnants of old advertisements have been left, as if in bitter mockery. Street cars only run at long intervals, during a few hours of the day, and on the principal lines. There are certainly not over fifty in the whole city. Along the Neva, great barges have been sunk and lie abandoned. The former wooden block pavements have practically disappeared. They have been torn up by the citizens for fuel during the intense cold of the arctic winters. Last win-

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ter, 36,000 wooden sheds and small houses were torn down for the same purpose. Stop and consider, for a moment, that this great city has no public water supply, because the frost has burst all the piping. That was the reason for the last explosive epidemic of typhoid, which carried off thousands of victims and still leaves visible traces in the population. A mere glance at the clothing and footwear of the inhabitants shocks you into a realization of the utter misery which bows down this heroic, stoical nation. Food conditions are anything but promising. They are quite in harmony with other conditions in Russia. For rationing purposes, the people are divided into four categories. The staff of life is a kind of bread — made of a mixture of rye, straw, and 45 per cent of water — a very thin gruel of millet and bean flour, and on rare occasions a trifle of putrid meat or spoiled fish. Workers enlisted for special industrial service have a slightly more liberal ration. Here is the official quota for the four categories.

First category — All persons over 16 years of age, whether they work or not: 160 grammes of bread a day; 420 grammes of sugar a month; 420 grammes of salt a month. Permission to buy at high official prices 100 cigarettes a month. A daily plate of soup or gruel.

Second category — Heavy workers, specialists, and so forth, 315 grammes of bread a day; 420 grammes of sugar a month; 420 grammes of salt a month. Permission to buy at high official prices 100 to 200 cigarettes a month; gruel and a free meal daily, consisting of soup and meat or fish if they are to be had.

Third category — Employees working six hours: 210 grammes of bread a day; 315 grammes of sugar a month; 315 grammes of salt a month. Permission to buy at high official prices 75 cigarettes a month. One meal gratis as described above.

Fourth category — Employees who work less than six hours: 105 grammes of bread a day; 220 grammes of sugar a month; 220 grammes of salt a month. Permission to buy at high official prices 75 cigarettes a month. One free meal as above.

Women employed in household duties and bringing up at least two children under fourteen years of age, also are entitled to the supplement of provisions in the Fourth Category. This food is furnished by the government, but not in quantities sufficient to support life. People buy what additional provisions they must have from secret traders, with such money as they can raise from any little possessions they may have retained — often their last furniture or clothing. The prices demanded by speculators and illegal dealers are exorbitant. I have obtained a few figures: fire wood 15,000 rubles a pood; butter 3500 rubles a pound; milk 300 rubles for a small bottle; meat 1000 rubles a pound; cloth 10,000 rubles a yard; black bread 300 rubles a pound; old potatoes 200 rubles a pound.

Private traders are prohibited but tolerated. Every now and then the police raid them, but they start again the next day. Long lines of these peddlers, most of whom are women, are found at certain points in the city. One will have three little pieces of sugar, another a piece of meat or fish or butter. They carry these things around all day in their dirty, chapped hands. Others have household utensils, garments, women's dilapidated and ill-repaired shoes. It is an interesting but depressing spectacle. These people are the remnants of the old system, still struggling to survive and trying to hide themselves from the new era, like an ostrich which buries its head in the sand.

Many women are moving about the broad and formerly beautiful boulevards to make purchases. Any old thing will sell. Some of these women are shod and others are barefoot. One wears a man's coat, another what, in its day, was a fashionable wrap. I have even seen women abroad in

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bathing suits which in happier days had been worn, no doubt, at well-known seaside resorts. Now and then you meet a person still dressed with some elegance, but these are rare exceptions. They are the last remnants of the old Bourgeoisie, or else government employees who hold good jobs in the new administration.

Great quantities of money are in circulation, but its value fluctuates enormously. The bills issued by the government of the Tsar, by the first Duma, and by Kerensky are all still current, and are worth more than the bills printed by the Bolsheviki.

In striking contrast with all this misery are the great public monuments, churches, museums, and similar institutions, which have not been injured in the least. I visited some of the important churches, filled with priceless treasures of gold, precious stones, and objects of art. Not a thing has been molested. The churches are unguarded, constantly open to the public, and protected by the Revolutionary government. The profound religious sentiment of the common people has not been offended.

The few public services which are still in operation are managed by the old bureaucracy, for there is nothing to take its place. Report has it that these people practise systematic sabotage. On the other hand, the government has appointed thousands of new officials, partly to provide work for the unemployed. The municipal government of Petrograd alone has 40,000 on its pay rolls.

I was very anxious to see how the public business was being run, in order to form an opinion of the country's economic future; so I arranged a programme of visits, including the most important public enterprises in every branch of industry, so far as I was able to get to them within the limited time at my disposal. I began with the historical Putiloff Works, not because they are the best, or the most important, but because our people in Italy have heard most about them.

These works cover a vast area in the suburbs of the city. Indeed, they form a good sized town of themselves. Before we reached them, I was aware that they did not pulsate with the activity of former days. Many of the lofty furnace stacks were not smoking. The silence of the tomb reigned in most of the great buildings. We were received by the factory committee, which gave us a brief preliminary account of the works. Before the war, they employed 40,000 hands. During the conflict itself, the number rose to 50,000. At the present time, there are 7000 on the pay rolls. According to the data we received, some 20,000 workers had gone to the front. The management of the establishment is in the hands of an engineer, who is responsible for all its operations. He lays out the work and sees that it is done. He receives commissions and raw materials from the Superior Economic Council, to which he ships the products and renders an account of operations. He is appointed by the Committee of National Economy upon recommendation of the Factory Committee and the Trade Union (professional syndicate), of which he must be a member.

I learned at this first interview that the Shop Committees, after the disastrous experience of the early days of the revolution, are now deprived of administrative authority. They are composed of seven workingmen, and while nominally corresponding to our Shop Committees in Italy, really exercise different functions. The manager is responsible directly to the government, which sees that he carries out its orders. The Committee's

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duties are limited to maintaining discipline among the workers. The seven members of the Shop Committee are elected from the rank and file by departments, where the employees vote in public meetings, usually by show of hands. The term of office is six months; a delegate cannot take office until his name has been approved by the Trade Union. The Shop Committee receives complaints of employees, and if they are sufficiently important passes them on to the Union officials. Minor complaints are settled directly with the superintendent. The Committee likewise receives the superintendent's recommendations for penalties to be imposed upon offending employees, investigates the merits of each case, and forwards its recommendation to the proper Disciplinary Committee. In case of disagreement, an Arbitration Board composed of one member of the Trade Union, one member of the Government Economic Council, and one disinterested workingman settles the dispute. The Shop Committee cannot make recommendations regarding the management of the business, either to the superintendent or to the Trade Union. In conjunction with both of the latter, it drafts wage schedules and superintends their enforcement. It has charge of the circulation of books, and the distribution of journals, ration cards, living quarters, and clothing. It also distributes tickets to theatres and concerts, and provides for the care in hospitals and homes of children, invalids, and old people.

At the time of our visit, the workingmen had just held a mass meeting, where on the motion of the Shop Committee they had adopted a resolution severely condemning slackers. While serving on Shop Committees, members do not do ordinary work but devote all their time to official duties.

After giving us this little sketch of the organization of the works and the personnel, the president of the committee and some engineer foremen accompanied us through the different shops. We noted at once that the administrative offices and the offices of the technical personnel were almost deserted. We did not conceal our surprise at this, whereupon our guide explained to us that the administrative end of the business was practically null, since there was no accounting of costs and the only books were the pay rolls. All the old bookkeeping apparatus is shoved to one side in disorderly confusion. The technical staff has practically disappeared, because nothing new is being designed, no new machinery is being made, and the repair work which now is the principal business of the establishment requires only the common sense of the workers. At the time of our visit, the shops were engaged in repairing artillery, locomotives, and railway cars.

We first went into the boiler shop. It contained seven big electric cranes of thirteen ton capacity. There was an abundance of machinery in fairly good condition, including electric drills and punches. In the centre of the shops were three locomotive boilers under repair. Several hundred mechanics and laborers were employed upon them; but were working without plan or direction. One got the impression that each man was going about his task in his own way, according to his personal ideas, and above all without regard for economy of time, or materials. We next come to the machine shop. It was a magnificent building. Thousands of machines of every kind were in it. The network of belts from the floor to the ceiling looked like an immense cobweb. A few machines were in motion; the rare mechanics who were working were

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almost lost in the immense establishment. They were engaged in repairing cannon. Things were a little livelier in the wood working department, but even there much of the machinery was stopped. Our most disappointing surprise, however, was to visit the foundry, steel works, and rolling mills. Everything was shut down, and falling a victim to rust. Nearly all of the furnace linings have caved in, and the mill rolls are rusted and going to ruin. A beautiful mill for rolling fine sheet iron, of 9000 horse power, has been in process of erection for two years. It sent a pang through my heart to see such ruin and neglect, such stagnation and idleness in a country, where it is so urgent to increase production. We continued our walk amidst fragments of abandoned machines and past disorderly heaps of materials. Bombarding the members of the committee and the superintendent with our questions, little by little we got a verbal picture also of the full extent of the ruin. Twenty thousand workers have been forced to leave their labor for the front. When Denikin captured the mining regions of South Russia, the works were deprived of raw materials. Inadequate transportation facilities and the difficulty of feeding the employees make it almost impossible to keep the works going at all. That is why the services of the establishment are confined to repairing three locomotives, 100 railway cars, and a score or so of heavy guns. That seems mighty little for 7000 workingmen to be doing. What surprised us perhaps as much as anything, was to find in each shop an altar kept in splendid condition, while the machinery around it was utterly neglected. We shall try to explain that, after we know this peculiar nation better and have visited the rest of Russia. We finished our first survey of a Bolshevist establishment by asking how the workers were handled, what they were paid, and how they were disciplined. For a period, all the employees received the same pay on a salary basis. Now only the superintendent and engineers are salaried, and all other work is paid for on a piece work basis, which figures out as a premium over and above a standard minimum wage. This is the so-called Rowan system. Rates are fixed by a special committee composed of workingmen and engineers. This tariff includes thirty-five categories which applies throughout Russia and to every branch of manufacture, being based upon the cost of living at different points. At Petrograd, for example, where it costs most to live, in addition to the regular rate, each workingman receives a special supplementary ration of bread and sometimes fish. In addition, he gets with his piece work premium on an average about 8000 rubles a month. Compare this sum with the market prices I quote above, and you will get some idea of its real value.

A uniform code of labor regulations is in effect in all the factories and workshops of Russia. Its enforcement is entrusted to special courts. In case of serious offences, a worker may be sentenced to forced labor or to prison. The normal working day is eight hours, and overtime is remunerated at special rates fixed in the general wage scale. Workingmen are employed and transferred from one point to another by a special employment office of their union. Every workingman belongs to the organization appropriate to his trade, and a union fee amounting to 2 per cent is deducted from his wages. Men are paid twice a month. After learning these facts, we ended our visit, hoping to find better and more promising conditions in other works.

The 'Northern Electric Cable

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Works' were one of the largest, most important establishments of the kind in Europe. Before the war, they employed 1600 workers and during the war 2000. Now they are reduced to 380. Only military work is being done, particularly the manufacture of telephone circuits for the front. The immense factory is equipped with the most modern machinery and the latest scientific inventions. It has been kept in good condition. At present, work has almost ceased for want of lead and copper. The last consignment of copper arrived on November 15, 1919. Some reserves still left in the warehouse are being worked. Only 300 miles away, more than a million pounds of copper are in storage; but there is no way to transport it. The authorities have not brought it here for another reason—the Finland frontier is only forty kilometers distant. The few men employed work at a standard wage with a bonus for extra production. Their minimum pay is 1800 rubles a month, the bonus bringing this up to 10,000 rubles.

A chemical factory which we visited need not fear comparison with any works of the kind I ever saw elsewhere. Under normal conditions, its products enter almost every field of industry; as analine, benzol, toluol, chloroform, acids, and industrial alkalis. Before and during the war, 1500 operatives were employed. Now 550 are working part time. They are employed by squads at regular intervals. For instance, two hours a day are used for making benzol. Production has fallen off on account of lack of coal and heavy oils. Wood is being used for firing, so the difficulty in reaching a normal output can easily be understood. Here also the operatives receive a standard wage, with a bonus for extra efficiency. If they do not reach a certain standard, no premium is paid. The base wage varies from 2175 rubles a month to 3450. When production reaches a standard level, these wages are doubled. Three engineers are in charge of the works, one of whom is general manager. In visiting the different branches of the establishment, I had an opportunity to converse a little with the latter gentleman, who speaks German fluently. He told me that for the first few months after the revolution, the employees did no work but spent all their time talking and debating. Today they are kept much better in hand, partly on account of the reformation made in the Shop Committees. He still thinks the latter require further improvement, the term of office of the members being too brief. The latter hardly learn their business before others are chosen to take their place, and the whole task of educating the new men as to the requirements of their position has to be started anew.

I asked him some questions regarding the political situation, and his replies, made with surprising frankness, greatly interested me. Engineers are reappointed each year, but ordinarily such reappointments invariably occur. They are not expected to be Communists, but are closely watched. They have complete freedom of thought, but it is dangerous to advertise opinions at variance with those held by the leaders of the workers under them. Engineers and scientific experts receive more consideration now than they did. They are treated as producers and not as bourgeoisie. He added, sarcastically: 'A man can take a walk now wearing a collar and tan shoes without being mobbed.' He added that the new government had improved moral standards decidedly. He had no trouble with male and female operatives working together,

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although under the old government very bad moral conditions prevailed in the factories.

In reply to my insistent questioning, he said that the present government might survive and perfect itself, though it would undoubtedly undergo great transformation and would require help from outside the country.

At the Heisler Works, telephones, surveying instruments, signal systems, and electric meters are made. Before the war some 1200 operatives were employed, of whom 250 are now working. There is a shortage of both raw materials and labor, because so many have left the city for places where food is more abundant. The works are managed by a professional engineer, an assistant, and a workingman helper. About 85 per cent of the employees receive piece work pay. The remainder are remunerated at a fixed rate equal to the average piece work earnings. The latter employees are paid a base rate varying from 9.70 to 15.75 rubles an hour, plus approximately 186 per cent to bring their pay up to the average received for piece work. Bonuses are calculated by the American system. There are also rewards for punctuality. The workers are divided into four classes.

The Baltic Shipyards, formerly an imperial establishment, are imposing on account of both their extent and their equipment, which make them equal, if not superior, to the Putiloff Works. Under the old government, they were engaged entirely in building war vessels; but to-day they are used for repairing rolling stock. The shipyard proper has two large and four small ways, all provided with powerful gantry cranes. To-day these are idle. During the war, 8000 men were employed in these works. The number is now reduced to about 4000, mostly common laborers. The engine shops and foundry, which are immense institutions of themselves and splendidly equipped, are not running at all. The only work I saw was in a little shop where they were repairing locomotives.

In one of the upper rooms, we found a technical training school for young apprentices. Some 20 young fellows were there being taught by an intelligent workman. They were eager to become more useful members of the new society. These young fellows are the chief hope for the future. All employees are paid by piece work, a minimum of 150 rubles a day and 200 per cent bonus according to output. The Shops Committee is composed of thirteen members and is entrusted with arranging for food for the employees, regulating piece work prices and bonuses, maintaining discipline, and managing the apprentice school. So these great works are almost idle, and we had difficulty in understanding how 4000 men could be employed with so little positive results — repairing two or three locomotives and a few dozen railway cars. When we asked the director about this, he told us that every man was obliged to have an occupation, and that consequently he was overloaded with a crowd of useless and inefficient fellows who simply got in the way. The percentage of absentees was very large. Many of these were more useful at home than at their place of employment. Here, too, we saw altars in the shops and icons of every kind, while a wealth of raw materials was lying about in disorder and going to ruin around the works.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

AN ENGLISHMAN DISCUSSES AMERICAN FOLK SONGS

AN interesting letter on distinctively American folk songs was lately printed in the London *Spectator*. The writer evidently knows his America unusually well. After saying that the fine old negro melodies are only a part of the American field, he continues:

'Among the "poor white" mountaineers of Kentucky there has been found a store of songs, many of them Elizabethan in origin, which have not yet been driven from favor by the ubiquitous gramophone. One of these, preserved in all probability since the days of Raleigh, has haunted my memory ever since I heard it a year ago in New York. It is a singularly beautiful version of "The Lowland Sea" which has survived among a people who knew of the sea only so much as might be gleaned from travelers' tales! In this field Cecil Sharp has done valuable work in the publication of two volumes of words and melodies from the Appalachians.

'To the same stock belong the English, Scottish, and Irish songs which have been preserved in New England.

'In the West I heard snatches, remembered from a boyhood in Vermont, which were strangely familiar to my ears, while in Vermont itself Mrs. Warren Sturgis has collected some fifty songs, twelve of which, tastefully arranged and carefully annotated, have been published under the title *Songs from the Hills of Vermont*. But all these are of alien origin, and to me the most interesting songs are those which were wrought and sung in log cabins by pioneers and frontiersmen.

'One meets with these in strange places, as often in New York as in Wyoming, but wherever they have been carried by the movement of population never do they lose the peculiar frontier quality. The war indeed introduced many Britons to the sad tale of Casey Jones of the Santa Fé; even the splendid "Cowboys' Lament" has been heard in our messes. This latter is highly characteristic of the cowboy songs (it hails from Texas); but "Frankie," especially in its original form, is more dramatic. There are several versions of this song, all restrained in substance but horribly profane in expression. All, that is, except that for which my thanks are due to the Y. W. C. A., as the girl who sang it had learned it at one of their Conferences in the Middle West. The air is simple and no less effective than the words:

Now Fránkie was a good wóman as éverybody knóws.
She saved up all her eárnings just to búy her Albert clóthes.

Chorus:
He was her man, that's right he was, an' he done her wrong.

And Frankie went to the corner saloon to get her a glass of beer.
And Frankie says to the bar-tender: "'S my Albert bin in here?'

An' the bar-tender says: 'Miss Frankie, I bain't goin' ter tell no lie,
Yer Albert was in here 'bout 'n hour ago with woman as looked like a spy.'

Then Frankie she went home, but she did n' go for fun.
She reached down in her stocking and pulled out a '44 gun.

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And Frankie shot that gun once (*Bang!*). And Frankie shot that gun twice (*Bang! Bang!*).
The third time that she shot that gun she hurt her Albert so.
[This probably corrupt, because of rhyme.]

Chorus:
He was her man, that's right he was, but she done him wrong.

Oh, turn me over easy and turn me over slow.
The third time that you shot that gun you hurt your Albert so.

Chorus:
He was her man, that's right he was, but she done him wrong.

I cannot recall ever hearing this particular ditty.

H. B.

Butleriana

Mr. Festing Jones, with Mr. A. T. Bartholomew, has written a description of 'The Samuel Butler Collection at St. John's College, Cambridge,' which Messrs. Heffer will shortly publish. There will be reproductions of hitherto unpublished portraits, and new information about Butlerian objects, 'such as Miss Savage's kettle-holder.'

Drama in Dublin

The Abbey Theatre, unusually prolific this season in new productions, presented recently a new play by Mr. Brinsley MacNamara, *The Land for the People*. Mr. MacNamara, who is better known as novelist than playwright, is a specialist in realism — sordid realism, his critics complain. They have this corroborative testimony, that the people of the Meath village from which he drew a recent novel, *The Valley of the Squinting Windows*, resorted in revenge to 'direct action' against his family. *The Land for the People*, Mr. MacNamara's second play, and in construction and dialogue a marked advance upon his first, is realistic enough; but his characters are much less unpleasant on the stage than in print. As its title suggests, the play deals with that part of the Irish land question which is still unsettled — the break-up of the large grazing ranches. It joins the already considerable company of those Abbey plays in which drama is subordinated to propaganda.

With this production the Abbey Theatre has given up the unequal contest against the 10 o'clock curfew. The management has tried first 6.30, and then 7 o'clock, as the hour for the rise of the curtain, but houses have been consistently poor. Now it has suspended performances until St. Stephen's Day, by when, it is hoped, the curfew rule will be relaxed.

Literary Gossip

Perhaps this story is not literary gossip; but it is gossip, and it has more bearing on the real problem of modern literature than most incidents related in this column. Moreover, it is authentic. A lady fell into conversation with a porter at Waterloo station. He said he had six children, five boys. 'What are you going to do with them?' 'They're all going into the army, M'm,' and he showed his own 1914 star. 'But have n't you had enough of soldiering?' 'Enough — well, M'm. My father was a soldier; my grandfather was a soldier, and my great-grandfather was under Wellington when he beat the French *on this very bit of ground you're standing on*.'

'Affable Hawk' on Rabelais

(From his criticism of Todhunter's *Essays*)

I turned, first, to an essay on being 'in search of a subject,' for here was a chance of testing how entertainingly and easily the author could ramble: an essay is a winding road. Subjects like so many hares were gamboling just out of sight of his mind when he sat down to write; a predicament which is

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the test of the essayist. Soon he is in pursuit of more hares than he can catch. He thinks of Lamb and then of punning retorts, and he repeats one of my own favorites, that of the Corsican Lady to Napoleon, who, when he said savagely that 'All Corsicans were liars,' replied: 'Non *tutti*, sire; ma *Buona Parte*.' I think Todhunter would have appreciated, too, the reproof of the royal lady who was annoyed by George IV's off-hand manners, when he whipped up his coat tails, exclaiming, 'It's very cold,' and stooped backward into the fireplace — 'I am glad to see Your Majesty is warming it.'

From punning and retorts he glides into discussing Sterne, but before settling down to that he has touched on Rabelais and Rabelais' predecessor Villon. About both he says some good brief things, but he does not really enjoy Rabelais. 'There is something pathetic, surely, in the grinning of mankind over a filthy joke,' he says, 'and in Rabelais this pathos assumes as gigantic proportions as the tears of Gargantua.' Nor does he really enjoy Rabelais' energetic exuberance. 'Only the broad smile of self-confident good humor, and the genial zest, with which this Silenus of Satirists welcomes you to his Gargantuan feast makes its coarse profusion tolerable.' Note the adjective 'tolerable' and then estimate how astonishing that zest must be, how strong that good humor, to wring even the word 'tolerable' from one who emphatically does not belong to the category of the tough-minded. No one need like Rabelais; indeed, it is better that those who do not do so naturally should not try to like him. It does no one any harm to try to like Milton or Molière — indeed, they will be much the better for making a little successful effort. But to force one's self to like Rabelais means doing too much violence to natural inclination. You must, to start with, be conscious of man, not civilized man, but man, the creature, as a ridiculous animal.

Rabelais sends my spirits up; I am rid for the time of the burden of respect. I do not think all his jokes very good; some of them, if I weighed them as jokes, would pass only as horseplay, and often poor horseplay at that. But then, I never do weigh his jokes; I catch instead an exhilaration from the page such as I have got from watching a school of plunging porpoises. And he tells a story so well; every incident is narrated with unmatched vigor. He seems to me a very simple philosopher, at bottom a physician rather than a thinker. It is wholesome for men to laugh, and the kind of laughter that is best is the broad, releasing kind, which brings with it a sense of freedom and neither answers nor raises any of the questions, moral or intellectual, which perplex their heads. He is an inspirer of courage and a condition of the spirits which is at once homely and extravagant. His pages are excellent to read aloud, especially to one's self. Indeed, a page of Rabelais should be shouted at the top of one's voice — and few listeners will stand that.

Humor is often cumulative in its effect. I remember seeing in a Harlequinade years ago, a dismal, shabby man in black saunter on to the stage, and begin singing under the window of a room where Clown and Pantaloon had retired to sleep, 'Every night at half-past eight, there's somebody knocking at the garden gate.' He had sung his distich perhaps three times, when both heads appeared at the window; a jug of water followed. The singer continued; in spite of coal, flour, inexhaustible douches, missiles of all sorts, he continued. Now the scene only began to be funny when one thought it must stop, and that is precisely the point where Rabelais begins

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to be funny — the point at which the reader thinks no man can carry on. No writer ever came nearer fulfilling the myth of the inexhaustible bottle.

Repartee

THERE had been a quarrel. 'You're no lidy,' remarked the party of the first part. 'Ah!' replied the other, 'If it was n't that I *was* a lidy, p'raps I'd be able to tell *you* wot kind of a lidy *you* ain't.'

Moments

'AWFUL moments?' I said. 'Why, of course life is full of them. Let me think ——'

'To find other people's unposted letters in an old pocket; to be seen looking at one's self in a street-mirror, or overheard talking of the Ideal to a duchess; to refuse nuns who come to the door to ask for subscriptions; to be given by a beautiful new acquaintance a book she has written full of mystical slip-slop, or dreadful musings in an old-world garden ——'

Logan Pearsall Smith in '*New Trivia*.'

Mr. Santayana

ONE of the best signs of the return of the world consciousness to order and sanity is the extraordinary growth of the influence of Professor George Santayana. His books sell in England by the ten thousand, and Logan Pearsall Smith has just issued a collection of essays drawn from Santayana's work which has met with the widest approval. Commenting on this turn of the cultivated mind, the *Athenæum* remarks: 'It may be that his unfailing sanity, his discipline without asceticism, his complete absence of superstition or of fanaticism, are merely Greek; not the wisdom of disillusionment, of the failure to achieve harmony, but the wisdom that comes of its successful achievement. And from the standard of this achieved harmony he can assign a rank and function to each of our partial ideals, whether they be embodied in a philosophic system, a great literature, a decaying religion, or the multitudinous and purblind activities of a modern nation.'

The Beggar's Opera

JOHN GAY'S *Beggar's Opera*, which has had the run of the year in London may be produced in America next autumn. A critic in the *Times* thus writes of the British production:

'Just as Gay's dialogue prompts you to say "Gilbert," so Mr. Lovat Fraser's scenery and costumes prompt you to exclaim "Hogarth"! By the way, on one of Hazlitt's visits he records the exclamation of an old gentleman in the pit, after the scuffle between Peachum and Lockit, "Hogarth, by G—d!" This was, no doubt, a tribute to the grim, ugly squalor of that particular scene. But the whole *décor* and atmosphere of the present affair are Hogarthian — the stiff, flattened hoops of the women, the tatterdemalion aspect of Macheath's rabble, Peachum's dressing gown (which I suppose is "documentary"), Macheath's scarlet coat and flowing wig. And the dresses are accurately simple. The women wear plain stuffs; Polly alone is allowed a little finery. Indeed, there is an almost austere simplicity about the whole affair.

'One scene, with just the alteration of a few accessories, serves for Peachum's house, for a tavern, and for Newgate. There is an orchestra of five strings, a flute, an oboe, and a harpsichord. It seems to me that their playing has the delicate charm of chamber music rather than the power and color of orchestral — but I must not stray out of my province.'

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[*The Manchester Guardian*]

MODERN DELPHI AND THE PLAIN OF MARATHON

BY 'MABH'

We started, certainly, much too late. Marathon is only fifteen miles from Athens, but the direct path lies over Pendéli (as the marble mountain Pentelikon is now happily called), and we meant to walk most of it; Greek mountains, moreover, are hard and rough going. We had almost resigned ourselves to defer it; but the noonday sun shone gloriously, and by a common impulse we three young archæologists shut up our large tomes, rushed off to change into our kit and collect provisions, and presently found ourselves in the motor-bus for Cephisia, a beautiful resort to the northeast of Athens. The way was lined with trees and groves; at Cephisia itself you hear the sound of running water, rare in this arid land; while above its white houses and luxuriant gardens soar the shapely peaks of Pendéli, the bare white marble flashing from its huge buttresses. Our route lay over the northern shoulder of the mountain, by the village which first welcomed the stranger god Dionysus to Attica (how else should it still bear his name Diónyso?), and was also the birthplace of Thespis; then down through a deep and wild ravine to the Plain of Marathon, just at the place where the Greeks are supposed to have encamped all those days before the battle.

Over fragments of Pentelic marble we wound upward through a delicious heath-like country of pines and firs, huge boulders and rocky knolls. Suddenly, at the ridge we looked down upon the sea and the Plain of Marathon, still a long way off, and a tumbled wilderness of ravines stretching toward it from our feet. At that sight no words came to any of us. That small strip of dead level plain, with the stream winding sluggishly through its marshes toward the sea, seemed destined by nature for some great moment in history — the only bit of flat ground the eye could see amid the riot of beautiful mountain contours.

By this time it was late afternoon, and we lost no time in plunging down into the shadow of the ravine. The doubtful path soon vanished, and for two hours we toiled along, through thick brushwood and undergrowth — the beautiful, formidable shrubs of Greece, full of aroma and thorns, pungent in both senses at once. Adventures accumulated in the gathering dusk; crossing of torrents which grew bigger and wilder as we descended; scrambles up ridges attracted by the profile of a hut or a human figure silhouetted on the skyline; encounters with a Wallachian shepherd, who spoke Greek and even understood ours, but assured us that we could not possibly find our way down before night; and with troops of fierce dogs, who made the hillside ring with their baying as we approached, but proved susceptible, happily, to the argument of the lifted stone. We were already considering which of the boulders near would make the best shelter for the night, when one of us descried a white bell-tower sticking up apparently out of the earth at our feet. It was the

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belfry of a tiny church, perched on a slope so steep that we could have jumped on to its roof. We clambered down, assured of finding at least some kind of road. Then suddenly, in what we had taken to be a ruined house, to the right of our steep descent, we spied a light, streaming from the most diminutive of windows.

Counsels were divided. Two of us had been properly brought up to be nervously distrustful of unknown houses at nightfall; but the third threw scruples aside and just knocked at the door. Before the knocking was over there came out the thin, bent figure of an old priest. He had seen us from the window and come out at once with a candle to let us in. He looked a little wild and disheveled — an ascetic type, in fact — but he had the kindest brown eyes in the world. When we asked the way to Marathon he would not hear of our going on, and almost forcibly shut the door on us when we were inside; and I think his obvious and touching kindliness and (perhaps even more) a roaring log fire in the deep hearth-recess of one of his two small rooms reassured our timidity.

It appeared that he was sole tenant for seven months of the year of this poor little 'monastery,' returning for the summer to a big one on Pendéli — a place of fabulous wealth, by his account. It would be hard to describe what sumptuous entertainment Father Pavlos provided out of the meagre conditions in which he lived. From about half past six, when we arrived, to half past eleven, when at last he retired to rest, he was never still for a moment. All the time he was pottering about, seeing to some little detail for our comfort; fresh logs of wood for the fire, a donkey's saddle to supplement the scanty chairs, wine and cognac to make good the absence of tea or coffee ('At Pendéli they have *tsaï* (tea) and better wine than this; but I have few things, you must excuse it!'); finally, the preparation of supper. In this last business hieratic and culinary ritual were pleasantly intermingled, and the frequent washing of hands went oddly with the appearance of the places and utensils in which the food was kept. First he fetched out of a deep cupboard a dried fish and put it, just as it was, in the log fire, where it was quickly roasted. He found — heaven knows where — some tomatoes and onions, which he made very skillfully into a salad. Out of a drawer he took a number of slices of dried bread and proceeded to soak them well in a bowl of water; then cleared a little table in the inner room, his bedroom, placed candles on it (his little habitation seemed chock-full of the taperlike candles they use in the churches, a native industry in Attica), a couple of plates — for four persons! — then the fish, salad, and bread, and a tin of sardines (I am sure very precious), and a fork each; and bade us sit down. We did so, and for an hour at least we sat there, he continually urging us to eat and producing new dishes which he besought us to taste (with the constant apologetic refrain: 'At Pendéli they have better food, but I have few things, you must excuse!'), while eating next to nothing himself. The menu seemed inexhaustible, and included before we had done white goats'-milk cheese — the very curd to which Polyphemus likened his Galatea's cheek — nuts and pomegranates, boiled beans, sweet cake, and finally *krasi* (wine) and more *krasi*, from a great wooden wine-flask, tempered, if we chose, with water from tall amphoræ with narrow necks standing on the floor.

He told us his name, and asked ours. Surnames mean nothing to Greek

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country-folks, and he just brushed these aside and fixed on what he could of our Christian names, freely transforming them to his taste. One of us thus became Helenitza, the second Elevtheritza, the third Marioula. And we were really grateful to the old man for thus rechristening us. For when at last we three found ourselves stretched side by side on a rug by the fire (I fear the old man had despoiled his own bed of some of its covering), it seemed quite impossible to keep up formalities and say: 'Is my elbow hurting you, Miss ——?' And so, thanks to Father Pavlos, Marioula, Elevtheritza, and Helenitza we remained.

In the morning we bade our host farewell. He would accept nothing but some candles for his church. 'It is in the Gospel,' he said quite simply, 'that we should entertain strangers,' and that, one felt, was enough for him.

Thanks to this fortunate misadventure (which a friend afterwards playfully compared to the visit of the 'three ladies,' weary and wayworn, to the abode of the Lord Love in Dante's canzone), we passed the night nearer than most pilgrims to the site of the battle — the village of Marathon lying far inland. The site itself is marked by a great mound (*Sôrós*), approached by a straight, narrow road. Pine trees, wild and ragged, grow in a wide ring round its base, their tops nearly level with its summit. Beyond stretched the bare level line of the sea, and the Eubœan hills, dark and gaunt in the morning light. It was unspeakably impressive. The thought of the close kinship, across centuries, between that field, where the Athenians lie buried, and so many fields in France to-day, made the place hardly bearable. It had that simplicity of the greatest things which seems to express everything.

Itéa, the little port below Parnassus, was still a good way off, but the coasting vessel which had brought us from Piræus had dropped anchor in the gathering dusk. Nothing was visible but the distant harbor lights, but there was soon a swish of oars below, and we were presently handed down over the side into the darkness, rough hands gripping ours with a homely farewell ('*Kalè nychta, Maria; Kalè nychta, W*——.' Had we not been their companions a whole day on their glorious waters?), while other, invisible, hands grasped our ankles below, to make sure that our feet at any rate should come safely to shore.

An hour later we set out with our muleteer, after a friendly cup of coffee, for the three hours' climb to Delphi, 2000 feet above. There was something quaint, even decrepit, about both the mount and its master. He was a grotesque, wizened little figure, Theodoros by name, with a small peaked skull-cap, a tunic with loose skirts, and leggings flapping about his shrunken calves; old, gray, and very bent. The mule shuffled on before, laden with our slight luggage and with each of us in turn, the bell at its neck sending out at each reluctant step a note deliciously compounded of cheerfulness and melancholy. As we moved, otherwise noiselessly, through the olive groves, in the balmy fragrance of the night, we felt 'all the grace of all the Muses' flowering somehow in the lonely tinkle of that bell. A veiled moonlight faintly illuminated the mountain wall before us. Suddenly began the climb — a steep, rough track leading straight up the mountain, and cutting rudely across the elaborate zigzags of the carriage road. At the top of the first step of the great terraced slope we were saluted by chiming clocks and barking dogs, having wakened, it seemed, the little

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town of Chryso, descendant of that ancient and wicked city which used to plunder the pilgrims on their way to the Oracle. The track felt in the darkness like a dry, stony watercourse, and thinking to spare the beast we both went up on foot. Only to find, on turning round, that her back was being kept warm by Theodoros, who sat there very complacently, remarking that he was *kourasménos!* To be sure he was an old man. Not so, however, would he have had you think of him when at last we emerged on to the level road leading to the village of Kastri and to the inn, our night quarters, kept by his employer, a stone's throw from the site of ancient Delphi. Suffice it to say that we arrived at this inn (the 'Pythian Apollo') in unexceptionable style, one of us mounted on the mule, Theodoros, alert and erect, leading it in front by a tether, which he kept so taut as to suggest that but for him we should scarcely have reached these heights at all; and the mule, now meek and prim, acting its part in the little comedy with admirable *sagesse.*

O blessed little inn of the Pythian Apollo! How incommunicably good is the memory of its twinkling light, its clean floor and white beds, its much-needed fare and plentiful draughts of water from Castalia! Then to peer from its balconies into a half dusk full of portent and surmise, and to hear, on the very threshold of sleep, the soughing of the mountain wind. Earthquake shocks are still common at Delphi, and, as if to remind us even in our dreams that we were on hallowed ground, there was a curious trembling in the night, while at dawn there came, floating round us and then fading away, the fairylike sound of innumerable small bells, as a herd of goats were driven by under our windows.

After the small things the great. Broad daylight opened before us the whole overwhelming view. First down, to the bottom of the gorge, nearly 1500 feet below, and up the opposite slope. The famous site itself was hidden by a projecting shoulder on our own side of the gorge, but in the opposite direction one looked down across its mouth to the projecting bastion-like rock of Chryso and the rich, level plain, like a gray-green sea, at its base. And indenting the gray-green was the deep violet-blue of the real sea, the Gulf of Cirrha, and beyond it the Gulf of Corinth; and beyond that, under lowering clouds, the peaks of the Northern Peloponnese.

Our road leads away from all this; but in a few moments one turns a corner and faces Delphi. The narrow terraced site appears utterly dwarfed by the great wall of rock that rises above it and seems to lean over it, and the other great wall, facing us as we approach, which meets the first at an angle and forms with it the deep cleft from which Castalia springs. Below the cliffs and the sanctuary site the modern road runs level, following the V-shaped contour of the ravine. At its sharpest bend, just below Castalia, are two spreading plane trees and a little shrine, and the road runs over a bridge. Below this bridge the watercourse plunges down into the main gorge below, and on either side the red earth is almost hidden by the wonderful green and silver-gray of olives, their richly-laden boughs continually swaying and interlacing and turning over in the wind. Over the head of the main gorge, far away, appear mountain-tops and plateaus, strangely black in hue, with patches of deep vivid crimson and streaks of wan gold, like pale honey. These seem to have nothing in common with the saturated colors of Delphi, among whose vege-

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tation flash the broken marbles and broad stone pavements of 2400 years ago.

Of the site itself it seems a pretension to speak. To be there, and to recall in its presence, gratefully, all the lore about it which the patient labor of archæologists has brought to light, is to realize how overwhelmingly much greater still are the secrets which can never be known. There are many ways of knocking at that closed door. One is by pick and spade. Or, one may hope, by squeezing one's self up chimneys of rock above Castalia in search of maidenhair, to press a little nearer to the heart of the mystery. Or one may try to guess the thoughts of the flowers that grow in gay clusters about the site — crocuses of gold and delicate mauve, and the almost overpowering thyme. One felt it would not be strange if those eagles which we saw circling above in threes and fours and tens, tearing the great silences with their cry, saw sights, when they look down, to which our human eyes are blind. But for us the door remains shut; no one has yet found the Open Sesame. The voice of the echo there is strong, but even that seems to answer in an alien tongue.

[*The Athenæum*]

POPULAR SONGS

BY 'AUTOLYCUS'

To all those who are interested in the 'folk' and their poetry — the contemporary folk of the great cities and their urban muse — I would recommend a little-known journal called *McGlennon's Pantomine Annual*. It is an anthology of the lyrics of the panto season's most popular songs, and a document of first-class importance. To the future student of our popular literature *McGlennon* will be as precious as a collection of Elizabethan broadsheets. With laudable forethought I am preserving my copy of last year's *McGlennon* for the enrichment of my distant posterity.

The Folk Poetry of 1920 may best be classified according to subject-matter. First, by reason of its tender associations as well as its mere amount, is the Poetry of Passion. Then there is the Poetry of Filial Devotion. Next, the Poetry of the Home — the dear old earthly Home in Oregon or Kentucky — and, complementary to it, the Poetry of the Spiritual Home in other and happier worlds. Here, as well as in the next section, the popular lyric borrows some of its best effects from hymnology. There follows the Poetry of Recollection and Regret, and the Poetry of Nationality, a type devoted almost exclusively to the praises of Ireland. These types and their variations cover the Folk's serious poetry. Their comic vein is less susceptible to analysis. Drink, Wives, Young Nuts, Honeymoon Couples — these are a few of the stock subjects.

The Amorous Poetry of the Folk, like the love lyrics of more cultured poets, is divided into two species: the Poetry of Spiritual Amour and the more direct and concrete expression of Immediate Desire. *McGlennon* provides plenty of examples of both types:

When love peeps in the window of your heart

(it might be the first line of a Shakespeare sonnet)

> You seem to walk on air,
> Birds sing their sweet songs to you,
> No cloud in your skies of blue,
> Sunshine all the happy day, etc.

These rhapsodies tend to become a little tedious. But one feels the warm touch of reality in

> I want to snuggle, I want to snuggle,
> I know a cozy place for two.
> I want to snuggle, I want to snuggle,
> I want to feel that love is true.

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Take me in your arms as lovers do.
Hold me very tight and kiss me too.
I want to snuggle, I want to snuggle,
I want to snuggle close to you.

This is sound; but it does not come up to the best of the popular lyrics. The agonized passion expressed in the words and music of 'You Made Me Love You' is something one does not easily forget, though that great song is as old as the now distant origins of ragtime.

The Poetry of Filial Devotion is almost as extensive as the Poetry of Amour. *McGlennon* teems with such outbursts as this:

You are a wonderful mother, dear old mother of mine.
You'll hold a spot down deep in my heart
Till the stars no longer shine.
Your soul shall live on for ever,
On through the fields of time,
For there'll never be another to me
Like that wonderful mother of mine.

Even Grandmamma gets a share of this devotion:

Granny, my own, I seem to hear you calling me;
Granny, my own, you are my sweetest memory . . .
If up in heaven angels reign supreme,
Among the angels you must be the Queen.
Granny, my own, I miss you more and more.

The last lines are particularly rich. What a fascinating heresy, to hold that the angels reign over their Creator!

The Poetry of Recollection and Regret owes most, both in words and music, to the hymn. *McGlennon* provides a choice example in 'Back from the Land of Yesterday':

Back from the land of yesterday,
Back to the friends of yore;
Back through the dark and dreary way
Into the light once more.
Back to the heart that waits for me,
Warmed by the sunshine above;
Back from the old land of yesterday's dreams
To a new land of life and love.

What it means goodness only knows. But one can imagine that, sung to a slow music in three-four time — some rich religious waltz-tune — it would be extremely uplifting and edifying. The decay of regular churchgoing has inevitably led to this invasion of the music-hall by the hymn. People still want to feel the good uplifting emotion, and they feel it with a vengeance when they listen to songs about

the land of beginning again,
Where skies are always blue . . .
Where broken dreams come true.

The great advantage of the music-hall over the church is that the uplifting moments do not last too long.

Finally, there is the great Home motif. 'I want to be,' these lyrics always begin, 'I want to be almost anywhere that is not the place where I happen at the moment to be.' M. Louis Estéve has called this longing 'Le Mal de la Province,' which in its turn is closely related to 'Le Mal de l'au-delà. It is one of the worst symptoms of romanticism.

Steamer, balançant ta mâture,
Lève l'ancre vers une exotique nature,

exclaims Mallarmé, and the Folk, whom that most exquisite of poets loathed and despised, echo his words in a hundred different keys. There is not a state in America where they don't want to go. In *McGlennon* we find yearnings expressed for California, Ohio, Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia. Some sigh for Ireland, Devon, and the East. 'Egypt! I am calling you; Oh, life is sweet and joys complete when at your feet I lay [sic].' But the Southern States, the East, Devon, and Killarney are not enough. The Mal de l'au-delá succeeds the Mal de la Province. The Folk yearn for extra-mundane worlds. Here, for example, is an expression of nostalgia for a mystical 'Kingdom within your Eyes':

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Somewhere in somebody's eyes
Is a place just divine,
Bounded by roses that kiss the dew
In those dear eyes that shine.
Somewhere beyond earthly dreams,
Where love's flower never dies,
God made the world, and He gave it to me
In that kingdom within your eyes.

With this consummate example of the poetry and current idealism of the Folk I shall close my paper. Some day I may return to the Folk's less serious lyrics; one cannot mingle hornpipes and funerals on a single page.

[*The New Statesman*]

CATS

BY R. L.

THE Champion Cat Show was held at the Crystal Palace during the week, but the champion cat was not there. One could not possibly allow him to appear in public — especially in a miniature Zoo. He is for show, but not in a cage. He does not compete, because he is above competition. You know this as well as I. Probably you possess him. I certainly do. That is the supreme test of a cat's excellence — the test of possession. One does not say 'You should see Brailsford's cat' or 'You should see Adcock's cat,' but 'You should see my cat.' There is nothing we are so egoistic about — not even children — as about cats.

I have heard a man, for lack of anything better to boast about, boasting that his cat eats cheese. In anyone else's cat it would have seemed a disgusting habit and only worth mentioning to the servant as a warning. But because the cat happens to be his cat, this man talks about its vice excitedly among women as though it were an accomplishment. It is seldom that one hears a cat publicly reproached with guilt by anyone above a cook. He is not permitted to steal from one's own larder. But if he visits the next-door house by stealth and returns over the wall with a Dover sole in his jaws, one really cannot help laughing. One is a little nervous at first, and one's mirth is tinged with pity as one thinks of the elderly and probably dyspeptic gentleman who has had his luncheon filched away almost from under his nose. If one were quite sure that it was from number 14, and not from number 9 or number 11, that the fish had been stolen, one might — conceivably — call round and offer to pay for it. But with a cat one is never quite sure. And one cannot call round on all one's neighbors and make a general announcement that one's cat is a thief. In any case the next move lies with the wronged neighbor. As day follows day, and there is no sign of his irate and murder-bent figure advancing up the path, one recovers one's mental balance and begins to see the cat's exploit in a new light. One does not yet extol it on moral grounds, but undoubtedly, the more one thinks of it, the deeper becomes one's admiration.

Of the two great heroes of the Greeks we admire one for his valor and one for his cunning. The epic of the cat is the epic of Odysseus. The old gentleman with the Dover sole gradually assumes the aspect of a Polyphemus outwitted — outwitted and humiliated to the point of not even being able to throw things after his tormentor. Clever cat! Nobody else's cat could have done such a thing. One would like to celebrate the Rape of the Dover Sole in Latin verse.

As for the Achillean sort of prowess, one does not demand it of a cat, but one is proud of it when it exists. There is a pleasure in seeing strange cats fly at his approach, either in single file over the wall or in the scattered aimlessness of a bursting bomb. Theoreti-

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cally, one hates him to fight, but, if he does fight and comes home with a torn ear, one has to summon up all the resources of one's finer nature in order not to rejoice on noticing that the cat next door looks as though it had been through a railway accident.

I am sorry for the cat next door. I hate him so, and it must be horrible to be hated. But he should not sit on my wall and look at me with yellow eyes. If his eyes were any other color — even the blue that is now said to be the mark of the runaway husband — I feel certain I could just manage to endure him. But they are the sort of yellow eyes that you expect to see looking out at you from a hole in the paneling in a novel by Mr. Sax Rohmer. The only reason why I am not frightened of them is that the cat is so obviously frightened of me. I never did him any injury unless to hate is to injure. But he lowers his head when I appear as though he expected to be guillotined. He does not run away: he merely crouches like a guilty thing. Perhaps he remembers how often he has stepped delicately over my seed-beds, but not so delicately as to leave no mark of ruin among the infant lettuces and the less-than-infant autumn-sprouting broccoli. These things I could forgive him, but it is not easy to forgive him the look in his eyes when he watches a bird at its song. They are ablaze with evil. He becomes a sort of Jack the Ripper at the opera.

People tell us that we should not blame cats for this sort of thing — that it is their nature and so forth. They even suggest that a cat is no more cruel in eating robin than one is cruel one's self in eating chicken. I have always thought that this is quibbling. In the first place, there is a great difference between a robin and a chicken. In the second place, one is willing to share one's chicken with the cat — at least, one is willing to share the skin and any of the bones that are not required for soup. Besides, a cat has not the same need of delicacies as a human being. It can eat, and apparently digest, anything. It can eat the black skin of filleted plaice. It can eat the bits of gristle that one leaves on the side of one's plate. It can eat boiled cod. It can eat New Zealand mutton. There is no reason why an animal with so undiscriminating a palate should demand song-birds for its food, when even human beings, who are fairly unscrupulous eaters, have agreed in some degree to abstain from them.

On reflection, however, I doubt if it is his appetite for birds that makes the cat with the yellow eyes feel guilty. If you were able to talk to him in his own language, and thunder out your accusations against him as a bird-eater, he would probably be merely puzzled and look on you as a crank. If you pursued the argument and compelled him to moralize his position, he would, I fancy, explain that the birds were very wicked creatures and that their cruelties to the worms and the insects were more than flesh and blood could stand. He would work himself up into a generous idealization of himself as the guardian of law and order amid the bloody strife of the cabbage-patch — the preserver of the balance of nature. If cats were as clever as we, they would compile an atrocities blue-book about worms. Alas, poor thrush, with how bedraggled a reputation you would come through such an exposure! With how Hunnish a tread you would be depicted treading the lawn, sparing neither age nor sex, seizing the infant worm as it puts out its head to take its first bewildered peep at the rolling sun!

Cats could write sonnets on such a theme. . . . Then there is that other

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beautiful potential poem, The Cry of the Snail. . . . How tender-hearted cats are! Their sympathy seems to be all but universal, always on the look-out for an object, ready to extend itself anywhere where it is needed, except, of course, to their victims. Yellow eyes or not, I begin to be persuaded that the cat next door is a noble fellow. It may well be that his look as I pass is a look not of fear but of repulsion. He has seen me going out among the worms with a sharp — no, not a very sharp — spade, and regards me as no better than an ogre. If I could only explain to him! But I shall never be able to do so. He could no more appreciate my point of view about worms than I can appreciate his about robins. Luckily, we both eat chicken. This may help us to understand one another better.

On the other hand, part of the fascination of cats may be due to the fact that it is so difficult to come to an understanding with them. A man talks to a horse or a dog as to an equal. To a cat he has to be deferential as though it had some Sphinx-like quality that baffled him. He cannot order a cat about with the certainty of being obeyed. He cannot be sure that, if he speaks to it, it will even raise its eyes. If it is perfectly comfortable, it will not. A cat is obedient only when it is hungry or when it takes the fancy. It may be a parasite, but it is never a servant. The dog does your bidding, but you do the cat's. At the same time, the contrast between the cat and the dog has often been exaggerated by dog-lovers. They tell you stories of dogs that remained with their dead masters, as though there were no fidelity in cats. It was only the other day, however, that the newspapers gave an account of a cat that remained with its murdered mistress in the most approved tradition of dogs.

One knows, again, of cats that will go out for a walk with one, as dogs do. I have frequently seen a lady walking across Hampstead Heath with a cat in train. When you go for a walk with a dog, however, the dog protects you: when you go for a walk with a cat, you feel that you are protecting the cat. It is strange that the cat should have imposed the myth of its helplessness on us. It is an animal with an almost boundless capacity for self-help. It can jump up walls. It can climb up trees. It can run, as the proverb says, like 'greased lightning.' It is armed like an African chief. Yet it has contrived to make itself a pampered pet, so that we are alarmed if it attempts to follow us out of the gate into a world of dogs, and only feel happy when it is purring — rolling on its back and purring as we rub its Adam's apple — by the fireside.

There is nothing that gives a greater sense of comfort than the purring of a cat. It is the most flattering music in nature. One feels, as one listens, like the humble lover in a bad novel, who says, 'You do, then, like me — a little — after all?' The fact that a cat is not utterly miserable in one's presence always, apparently, comes with the freshness and delight of a surprise. The happiness of a crowing baby, newly introduced to one, may be still more flattering, but a cat will get round people who cannot tolerate babies.

It is all the more to be wondered at that a cat, which is such a master of this conversational sort of music, should ever attempt any other. There was never an animal less fit to be a singer. Someone — was it Cowper? — has said that there are no really ugly voices in nature, and that he could imagine that there was something to be said even for the donkey's bray. I should have thought that the beauti-

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ful voices in nature were few, and that most of them could be defended only on the ground of some pleasant association. Humanity, at least, has been unanimous in its condemnation of the cat as part of nature's chorus. Poems have been written in praise of the corn crake as a singer, but never of the cat. All the associations we have with cats have not accustomed us to that discordant howl. It converts love itself into a torment such as can be found only in the pages of a twentieth-century novel. In it we hear the jungle degenerate — the beast in dissolution, but not yet civilized. When one hears it at night outside the window, one always explains to visitors: 'No, that's not Peter. There's a damned ugly cat with yellow eyes next door.' The man who will not defend the honor of his cat cannot be trusted to defend anything.

[*The Venturer*]

ANNE: THE BIOGRAPHY OF A CHILD

BY GILBERT THOMAS

MANY people, having bartered away their own youth, are awkward in the presence of children, and when introduced to a baby the only words they can summon to their aid are: 'Oh! the darling; how old did you say it is?' When such inquiry is made about Anne we reply that her age is seventeen months. So, legally speaking, it is; you may find evidence of the fact in Somerset House. But where legal truths accumulate (as they do at Somerset House) spiritual lies abound. Spiritually speaking, of course, Anne is both younger and older than her seventeen months. She is so young that those great gray-blue eyes of hers, peering from underneath her golden curls, catch sometimes the light of distant days yet unborn; while at other times they look so ineffably old and wise that one is sure they have watched through untold centuries the tortuous progress of man. The fact is, indeed, that Anne is as old as the race itself, and as young; and within her Past, Present, and Future are already pressing their separate claims, and are meeting for peace or for battle. That is what makes Anne so interesting, though her mother will tell you it is just 'her pretty ways.'

At present Anne spends most of her waking life in scrambling about the room, holding animated conversations (in a language to which we Olympians have unfortunately lost the key) now with a pair of slippers under the sofa, now with the contents of the waste-paper basket which she carefully sifts and distributes all over the floor, and now with herself seen through the glass of the Globe-Wernicke bookcases. Of this occupation she never tires, till she grows heavy with sleep; not, fortunately for her, do the slippers or the waste-paper basket, or the bookcases resent her unflagging attentions. Often she pauses for a moment to call our attention to some particularly thrilling object that she has discovered or to bid us enjoy with her a specially good joke, or to bring us some token of good fellowship — a remnant, it may be, of last week's *Observer*, or the shattered limb of a doll, or one of the best antimacassars. She cannot walk yet, except for an occasional staggering step or two; but that fact does not impede her rapid locomotion. She can crawl at the rate of at least half a mile an hour, and by clutching at any supports available (as, for instance, a table or a chair or one's own person arrayed in a new and neatly creased suit of clothes) she attains at times an even more dangerous speed. Now and then, without any warning,

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there falls upon her activity a complete stillness. If you look at Anne then you will see that she has gone into a deep trance. To what remote islands in space or time or eternity her mind sails in such moments it is impossible to conjecture. That they are very pleasant islands, however, is suggested by the fact that she usually returns from such voyages into the silence with a sudden ecstasy of joy that shakes convulsively the whole of her sturdy young body, as a jolly gale shakes a tree.

Anne has just discovered a new delight that will hold, I think, a permanent place in her heart. It happened that I was reading a book. It was on the subject of National Finance. Anne spotted me and demanded to be set down beside me. There for some long while she sat, holding one of the covers of the book, and quietly reading it with me. Her face wreathed itself in smiles, and when it occurred to me to read aloud to her, following the lines the while with my finger, her joy overflowed. Later in the day she brought that same book to me of her own accord and herself proceeded to read it aloud; and now to share a book in this way is for her (and for her uncle) an unfailing joy. I do not pretend that she has learned much from the book about National Finance. I am not sure, for that matter, that I have learned much about it myself. But what of that? And what if Anne and I can interpret each other's spoken words hardly more clearly than she can comprehend the printed page? At least we understand the language that heart speaks to heart when something is being spontaneously shared by two people without patronage on either side. To share things spontaneously with others without patronage given or desired: that indeed is one of Anne's deepest instincts. Of such as keep that instinct unimpaired is the Kingdom of Heaven. How long will Anne keep it so? That is the question I often ask myself when I watch her in the presence of strangers.

When a visitor enters the room Anne instantly ceases to be all arms and legs and wriggling body, and becomes all solemn eyes. She assumes, as it were, the black cap, and, putting the stranger in the dock, she holds him to be an undesirable acquaintance until (as usually happens fairly soon) she finds him to be innocent. First, however, he is scrutinized severely from the crown of his head to his footwear. We have never been able fully to decide all the points upon which Anne has to satisfy herself; but those strangers who wear bright clothes or carry jewelry seem to stand a chance of more speedy release from suspicion than others. When Anne is assured that the prisoner may, after all, be acquitted, she signalizes the fact by a dramatic thrusting forward of her right hand in his direction; and then, by way of setting her seal to the verdict, she selects from the objects within her reach one that she thinks would appeal to this particular stranger and carries it to him. If to a very dignified business magnate or to a scholarly high-browed gentleman with spectacles she takes the naked celluloid boy who shares her bath twice daily, or offers to a lady with light gloves a small piece of coal surreptitiously seized from the scuttle, one must not judge her too harshly. Her standards are different from ours.

It is when the gift has thus been tendered to the visitor and accepted that I tremble for Anne. There are many people who cannot appreciate a flower growing with unconscious beauty in its proper setting; they must needs pluck it. And there are

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even more people who cannot leave a child to its free and natural play. Our visitor — unless indeed he be one of those hopeless creatures who are frozen senseless when confronted with children — will almost certainly seize Anne, and, with many terms of endearment upon his hollow lips, set her upon his knee. So far, it is true, no very great harm is done. A gentleman's knee is an excellent vantage ground from which to explore the fascinating recesses of a gentleman's pockets.

But, unhappily, the gentleman rarely allows such exploration to proceed unhindered. He almost invariably regards Anne as something to be petted for his own pleasure in petting, or as something that needs to be 'amused.' If, for instance, she shows any interest in his watch chain, he ostentatiously produces the watch itself, and begins condescendingly to talk to her in falsetto tones about the 'tick-tick.' Anne, of course, is thrilled for a moment; but it is only for a moment. If the good gentleman persists in cuddling her and in trying to rivet her attention to the 'tick-tick,' she grows fractious, and, unless liberated in time, she will do what she rarely does in any other circumstances — she will cry. For she has the instinct which all normally endowed and unspoiled young creatures possess — the instinct to detect and mistrust whatever is not simple and spontaneous and to rebel against all that would hamper their free and natural development. The healthier a child is in body and mind the more will it dislike being petted, and the less will it depend for its happiness upon any form of organized amusement. That is why the most intelligent children care comparatively little for toys. Only fools (of whom, alas, there are not a few in this world) would expect a child of seventeen months, who finds magic in every object that meets its eye, to lose its heart completely to one particular doll or one particular wooden dog. And even when the years increase and the unfolding of individuality brings with it the desire to play games of definite make-believe, the child whose imagination remains keenest will clamor least for toys. The fact that I cannot pass Messrs. Bassett-Lowke's windows in Holborn without stopping for ten minutes to gaze at the expensive and accurate models of railway trains that adorn them, does not prove that I have kept my youth; it means that in large measure I have lost it. I still want to play at railways, it is true; but I know that if I am to play at them at all satisfactorily I shall need those perfectly accurate models, whereas if I were still truly young at heart, a match-box would serve quite adequately to represent the Irish mail or the Grampian Corridor Express. . . .

But Anne calls again for attention. We left her upon the stranger's knee. She sees in that stranger merely someone who is excessively annoying and from whom she desires only to be free. I see in him something more dangerous. For the impulse that makes that amiable gentleman wish to 'amuse' Anne, to whom the whole of her little world is Fairyland so long as she is at liberty to enjoy it and to share it naturally with others, is the same crazy sort of impulse that moves many of the best intentioned people to interfere in more serious ways with the spontaneous growth of the child. Most men and women take it for granted that an infant needs 'amusing' and desires toys because they themselves need amusing and because they themselves are habitually dependent upon toys. For them the large room of life has ceased to be Fairyland; wonder no longer whispers to them from every

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corner, calling them to adventure; and when imagination is gone there comes the inevitable need for toys. So everywhere we see men and women who have grown crusted in heart playing with their toys — playing with Gold, and calling it Happiness; playing with Learning, and calling it Wisdom; playing with Churches, and calling them Christianity. And these are the people who, tragically unconscious to what they are doing, will seek, as Anne grows older, to teach her also that Pleasure is Joy, that Respectability is Morality, that Success is Life, and that it is more important to acknowledge with certain forms God the Father and God the Son than it is to be filled with the Holy Ghost.

It is now very late at night. It is past six o'clock. Anne has been bathed and put to bed, and, after sundry mild acts of rebellion, has fallen asleep, probably to dream, if she dream at all, of what the waste-paper basket may be made to disgorge to-morrow morning. But I, as I lean upon her cot and watch her healthy, unconscious breathing, dream of a rather more distant future. And, as I do so, I pray not that she may never meet difficulty or encounter honest foes, but that she may always remain, as now, instinctively on guard against the seductions of her friends. I pray that she may never be enticed out of Fairyland by patronage or toys.

[*The Modern Review* (Calcutta)]

SHAKESPEARE AND INDIA

BY RAJAIAH D. PAUL

It is but natural that we, in India, should be interested in whatever in English Literature is connected with India, in some way or other. Indian characters, scenes laid in India, reference to India and things Indian, naturally arrest our attention. Besides, such a study as this of Shakespeare's Indian references possesses also another kind of interest. It is an indication of the knowledge that the Elizabethans as a whole had of India and the East; for, in the Elizabethan period, the drama was essentially of the common people, the species typified by the proverbial man-in-the-street; and therefore it was a dramatic necessity that Shakespeare should restrict his knowledge to that of the people of his day in his references to India; for, otherwise, the point of his reference would be quite lost.

Hence, there is a justification for such a study as the present. From Shakespeare's references to India, we can reasonably deduce how much the Elizabethans knew about our country. No doubt from a very early time, the existence of such a country as India in the far East was vaguely known to Englishmen. The tradition of the Church had it that St. Thomas was the Apostle of India. Chaucer's merchant swears by 'Saint Thomas of India' that:

> We wedded men live in sorwe and care.

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Even to the earlier Elizabethans, India was only a vaguely distant, but fabulously wealthy country. However, later, the voyages of adventurers and the formation of the East India Company led to more detailed information about India being disseminated. But the descriptions of these adventurers, like all travelers' tales, and the reports of the East India Company being in their nature somewhat of advertisements, were sometimes exaggerated and occasionally even deliberately misleading. However, the literature from which Elizabethan authors could derive their knowledge of our country was fast becoming extensive.

Shakespeare has described one such merchant-voyage. No one need be reminded of the context:

Titania: Set your heart at rest;
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order;
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laughed to see the sails conceive
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
Following,—her womb then rich with my young squire,—
Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
—*A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, II, i, 12 & ff.

Here is a Shakespearian list of countries visited by Elizabethan merchantmen:

What! not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Borbary and India?
—*The Merchant of Venice*, III, ii, 268.

— only substitute Italy for England, for, as you know, the reference is to a merchant of Venice.

The most important of these countries was, however, India, all that was meant by the word, viz., the East and West Indies — important as affording the richest trade. Falstaff says, referring to Mistresses Ford and Page:

They shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both.
—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, I, iii, 79.

The most common idea among the Elizabethans about India and the East generally was its richness. 'The rich East,' 'the gorgeous East,' are the sort of phrases used in descriptions.

I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.
—*Macbeth*, IV, iii, 35.

Shortly upon that shore there heaped was
Exceeding riches and all precious things
The spoile of all the world, that it did pass
The wealth of the East.
—*Faerie Queene*, Bk. III, iv, 23.

Similarly Milton in the well-known lines:

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
—*Paradise Lost*, II, 1—4.

the phrase 'gorgeous East' being evidently a borrowing from Shakespeare's

Who sees the heavenly Rosaline
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde
At the first opening of the gorgeous East . . .
—*Love's Labour's Lost*, IV, iii, 221.

The chief cause of this 'richness' of India was the abundance of precious stones. Long before any definite knowledge of India was got, rumors had reached England about the quality and abundance of India's gems. So, Sir Thomas Wyatt speaks of 'Indian stones a thousandfold more precious than can thyself devise.' And precious stones were one of the commodities of the Elizabethan trade with India, and the 'bountifulness' of the mines of India is an oft-recurring idea — an ever-ready metaphor for liberality and

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magnificence. So, Mortimer says of his father-in-law:

> In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
> . . . valiant as a lion,
> And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
> As mines of India.
> —*Henry IV*, III, i, 164.

and so also in *Henry VIII*, I, i, 18:

> To-day the French
> All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
> Shone down the English; and to-morrow they
> Made Britain India: every man that stood
> Show'd like a mine.

The 'gorgeous East' was no less famous for pearls. Indeed, India was the 'bed' of pearls, Shakespeare says, in *Troilus and Cressida*, I, i, —

> Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl;

and Troilus would go and win her, as merchants go and bring pearls from India.

> Between our Iliam and where she resides,
> Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
> Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pandar
> Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Another precious commodity for which India was famous was spices. India for the Elizabethans was identical with the East Indies whose other name was Spice Islands. And one of the avowed objects of the East India Company was to rival, and if possible to capture, the flourishing trade of the Dutch in spices. And the common idea was that spices were so abundant in that fortunate country, India, that the very air was laden with the odor. It was in this 'Spiced Indian air,' we saw that Titania and the mother of her pageboy used to gossip.

Connected with this idea of richness, is that of magnificence usually associated with Indian kings. In the romantic imagination of Elizabethan writers, Indian kings sat on thrones of gold and ivory, were attended by lovely little pageboys, and literally rolled in wealth. These little pageboys roused the envy of even fairy kings.

> For Oberon is passing fell and wrath
> Because that she (Titania) as her attendant hath
> A lovely boy stolen from an Indian King.
> —*A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, II, i, 20.

And one of the common customs, 'a part of the Eastern ceremony at the coronation of their kings' was to powder them with gold dust and seed pearl, and to strew pearls and jewels at the monarch's feet. We have a reference to it in *Paradise Lost*.

> Or, where the gorgeous East with richest hand
> Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.

Shakespeare evidently knew of this custom. He makes a reference to it in *Antony and Cleopatra*. Cleopatra says to the messenger:

> I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st;
> Yet, if thou say Antony lives, . . .
> I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
> Rich pearls upon thee.
> —*Antony and Cleopatra*, II, v, 42.

Nowhere were false ideas about India more common than in relation to its religion. Travelers brought strange stories about the superstitions of the people. Ralph Fitch, one of the very first Englishmen to visit our country, has much to say about the Brahmans and their images, 'some like beasts, some like men, and some like the Devil'; about the fakirs 'to whom India was much given.' One such he saw 'sitting upon a horse in the market place, who made as though he slept.' The people 'took him for a great man, but sure he was a lazy lubber.' Such and similar were the accounts these visitors gave of Indian religions.

Shakespeare, however, seems to have had — or at least, has seen fit to use — only one idea about India's religion, namely, the common idea of fire and sun worship, of which rumors

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had reached the West much earlier than the Elizabethan period.

Biron asks, in his lover's enthusiasm:

> Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
> That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
> At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
> Bows not his vassal head, and, strucken blind,
> Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
> —*Love's Labour's Lost*, IV, iii, 228.

Similarly, Helen confessing her love for Bertram says,

> Thus, Indian-like,
> Religious in mine error, I adore
> The Sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
> But knows of him no more.
> —*All's Well That Ends Well*, I, iii, 212.

In *Henry VIII*, I, we have a reference to heathen gods, being clothed with profuse ornaments.

> To-day the French
> All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods . . .

Finally, the physical features of India do not seem to have been at all familiar to the Elizabethans: for, whenever Elizabethan writers choose to refer to these, they commit a mistake. For example, Spenser describing Archimago says that he had a

> Face all tand with scorching sunny ray
> As he had traveild many a sommer's day,
> Through boyling sands of Arabic and Ynde.
> —*Faerie Queene*, Bk. I, vi, 35.

'Boyling sands' suggests something like the Sahara. We do not have in India any desert of which such an epithet can be used.

Similarly, Titania snubbing her 'Lord' Oberon, says:

> Why art thou here
> Come from the furthest steppe of India?
> —*A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, II, i, 68.

'Steppe' is clearly a blunder. If on Shakespeare's part, it must be due to his bad geography; and may indicate a general belief of the Elizabethans about India, when taken in conjunction with the above quoted lines from Spenser. But the error is most probably due to that most irresponsible person, the Elizabethan printer. The second quarto of the play and all the folios have 'steepe,' which makes a better sense and is therefore most probably the correct text. For, surely, to Shakespeare, as to Milton, India was the land of mountains and rivers more than of plains and deserts.

The Elizabethans were not, however, ignorant of further details about our land. For in Spenser we have a reference to the Ganges and the Indus. Among the famous rivers that attended the feast 'in honor of the spousals which were then betwixt the Medway and the Thames agreed,' were

> Great Ganges and immortall Euphrates,
> Deep Indus, and Meander intricate.

Malabar, as being an important trading centre for pepper, seems also to have been well known. Our national headdress, the turban, is very irreverently described by Spencer. The 'foole Disdaine' (in the 6th book of the *Faerie Queene*), wore

> On his head a roll of linen plight
> Like to the Mores of Malabar.

Shakespeare has also a similar, not very complimentary, reference. Bassanio compared the golden casket to

> the beauteous scarf,
> Veiling an Indian beauty.
> — *The Merchant of Venice*, II, ii, 99.

An Indian beauty is, therefore, a really ugly woman, who is hidden by a beautiful silk veil — she being called a beauty here, because she would be considered as such among her own people. However, the context here warrants an assumption that the reference is to the West Indies.

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[*The Nation*]

MR. SANTAYANA ON THE UNITED STATES

BY J. MIDDLETON MURRY

ONE of the least comforting features of this not very comfortable age is that it is debarred not only from practising but from appreciating perhaps the rarest and certainly the most valuable of the intellectual virtues, a true detachment. We have long since given up thinking about the things that most truly concern us; we have no time, we are engaged in a struggle, partly for the bare opportunity of life, more generally against a force or a spirit that is too big, too omnipresent for us to define. The struggle against it is so overwhelming, the sweat so blinds our eyes, that we cannot see, cannot pause to distinguish what we are struggling for. Few and far between are the Pisgah-sights now vouchsafed us; our famished glimpses of the jewels of life are so rare that they bewilder rather than encourage us. We have seen with our eye the shipwreck of a religion and a morality in which, for all our scepticism, we obscurely trusted; we have watched a whole system in which our things of price had their place and function disappear into the deeps. In our little boats we scurry about, tugging feverishly at the oars, to rescue fragments of comeliness and virtue, and we forget that their meaning is lost. In the splendid worm-eaten ship that was they had their office and their beauty. Heaped, jumbled, and dripping in our little boats they are only patriotic relics of the past.

Yet, even though we feel obscurely that all is to begin again, we are too deeply involved in the work of salvage to dream of building a great ship once more. We resent those who call to us to pause, to set a course and steer by it. The waves are too high; the sheer wall of hostile water bears down upon us. To surmount this one monstrous wave, and then the next, is all that we can do — all, we cry, that mortal man can be called upon to do. And we feel toward a master of detachment like Mr. Santayana that he does not understand the perils with which we are surrounded: he appears to us like the Lucretian spectator

> Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis
> E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem . . .

and because we are secretly aware of its truth we are a little hostile to the Lucretian warning which he sounds in our ears — 'et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.'

The warning is cold; we are stripped and shivering, and desire that someone should rather cast a cloak about us. We cannot change in a day; we were sentimentalists before the disaster, and we tend to sentimentalize over it now. We want to be the heroes of a romantic tragedy, charming dreamers of a beautiful dream frustrated by the event, not fools who could not see the fact before their eyes. We want to believe in ourselves, but in ourselves as we are. Mr. Santayana also wants us to believe in ourselves; but he coldly points out that it is impossible for us to believe in ourselves as we are. Such a belief is not a belief at all. Belief, like all other good things, must be rational; it must square with the facts and have a repercussion upon actions; it must be a belief in a humane ideal, not in the jostling fragments of twenty incompatible ideals. Rationalize your values, is his message. And if we can overcome our first reluctance, and find a moment's pause in the struggle to follow out the implications of his advice, the sense of a hostile coldness vanishes and we pass slowly into a clear and exhilarating air of the understanding,

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where the outlines of things are no longer lost in a circumambient mist and humanity is no longer a sentiment, but a discipline.

This clear air bathes Mr. Santayana's book * on American character and opinion no less than his apparently more philosophical works. The reason is plain; Mr. Santayana has practised his precept, he has rationalized his values, his judgments have a standard, and his vision a background. If it seems singular that he should securely employ the same perspective in examining America as he directs to the estimation of philosophies in *The Life of Reason*, that is only an indication of our modern difficulty in conceiving a comprehensive attitude to life. We have learned to expect from our contemporaries scrapy judgments and unrelated impressions. We are quite accustomed to finding our men of science ethical barbarians, and our metaphysicians sentimentalists. This, we say, with a touch of pride in our voices, is an age of specialization; we might as well be proud of living in an age that gets things done. It does — but what things? But perhaps the greatest curse of the present age is the complacent acquiescence in specialization. In politics, in morality, in art, the left hand never knows what the right hand doeth and we love to have it so. The specialist is the modern witch-doctor, and even the most enlightened of us, like Mr. Wells, bows to his ju-ju with no sense of shame. One of Mr. Santayana's great services to modern society and modern thought is that his writings are a clear and steady protest against this fetish of modern obscurantism.

Thus it is that his criticism of America can arouse no complacency in ourselves. We are implicitly condemned by the standards against which America is measured. It is not really comfortable for an Englishman to read this brilliant analysis of the discrepancy between profession and act in America:

> What people have respected have been rather scraps of official philosophy, or entire systems, which they have inherited or imported, as they have respected operas and art museums. To be on speaking terms with these fine things was a part of social respectability, like having family silver. High thoughts must be at hand, like those candlesticks, probably candleless, sometimes displayed as a seemly ornament in a room blazing with electric light. Even in William James, spontaneous and stimulating as he was, a certain underlying discomfort was discernible; he had come out into the open, into what should have been the sunshine, but the vast shadow of the temple still stood between him and the sun. He was worried about what *ought* to be believed and the awful deprivations of disbelieving. What he called the cynical view of anything had first to be brushed aside, without stopping to consider whether it was not the true one; and he was bent on finding new and empirical reasons for clinging to free-will, departed spirits, and tutelary gods.
>
> Nobody, except perhaps in the last decade, has tried to bridge the chasm between what he believes in daily life and the 'problems' of philosophy. Nature and science have not been ignored, and 'practice' in some schools has been constantly referred to; but instead of supplying philosophy with its data they have only constituted its difficulties; its function has not been to build on known facts but to explain them away. Hence a curious alteration and irrelevance, as between week days, and sabbaths, between American ways and American opinions.

Under a light so searching England will not look appreciably better than America, for the light radiates from the central point of Mr. Santayana's rationalization of human life. The inquiry has been already taken down to ultimates, and the chasm which reveals itself between the beliefs of daily life and those of religion and philosophy in America is not bridged in England. At best the irrelevance of British ways and opinions may be a little less obvious.

Indeed, throughout this book we are conscious that American character and

* *Character and Opinion in the United States.* By George Santayana. (Constable. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

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opinion is merely a piece of the general texture of modern life in which the pattern happens to be more conspicuous. Not that the individuality of America is neglected or diminished — the chapters on the Academic Environment and on William James are masterly renderings of subtle American idiosyncrasies — but it is seen as a type of modern barbarism. Mr. Santayana does not use the word in his diagnosis, but we feel that it is being said by implication over and over again. Mr. Santayana is civilization, conscious of itself, and prepared for its responsibilities; and because we are aware of this we cease to wonder why he did not exchange the barbarism of Harvard College for the amenities of our own seats of learning. We differ in essentials from America only in that we have a little mediæval architecture to cover our nakedness. For barbarism, in Mr. Santayana's view, consists precisely in that philosophy is permitted to be independent of the beliefs of daily life.

In such a condition we can believe anything and do anything. It is curious, though perfectly natural, that this definition of barbarism should seem to us at first somewhat trivial. We feel that it does not vastly matter what philosophy is up to, for we have managed to trick philosophy away into a pigeonhole with biology and psychical research on either side. Yes, murmurs Mr. Santayana, but that is because you do not even know what philosophy is, nor, it must be confessed, do your philosophers. Philosophy, if you remember, is the loving pursuit of wisdom, not of knowledge or facts or ultimate reality, but simply of wisdom; it is the science of the good life. He means morals, sniffs the modern anarchist. But Mr. Santayana does not mean merely morals, he means values. The only true philosophy is a philosophy of values, and its method is to investigate those things which human beings esteem as precious in their daily life, to separate incompatible ideals and delights, and to decide which will offer the most permanent and satisfying enjoyment.

Mr. Santayana devoted himself to this task in *The Life of Reason*, which is the only modern book of philosophy worthy the name, for we can make no secret that we admire and agree with his attitude. We accept him as a champion and epitome of that true civilization, which is an active principle of life. The civilization which he represents is not an institution, but a spiritual possession, a principle of goodness and beauty by which we can direct our own activities and judge the activities of others. Above all, it is a principle of order and measure, infinitely precious in these days of chaos. Not that Mr. Santayana invented it. It is no diminution of his work to say that it is essentially a restatement of the Greek ideal. Some of those who have studied and appreciated the literature of the Greeks may have little to learn from him. But of how many can this be said? Nine out of ten professors of Greek nowadays are barbarians, and the vast majority of readers of Greek need Mr. Santayana to make them understand the import of what they read. But he has done far more than a mere work of exposition; he has shown that the Greek conception of life is completely adequate to modern experience. The principles of rational life which they bequeathed to the world are eternal, for they are organic and implanted in the nature of man. To accept man as he is, not rejecting him wholly as a beast as the cynics do, but to accept him with his limitations and aspirations, his animality and his instinctive, yet so often frustrated reverence for the things of the spirit, to envisage as the end of human life a joy that is en-

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during and rational, to realize that this can only be when we have squared our philosophy with the facts, and that these facts include not only cruelty, but the delight of self-sacrifice, the joy of beauty no less than the malice of ignorance — these are the foundations on which Mr. Santayana builds.

If his attitude of mind seems remote to us, it is not because it is visionary or unpractical, but because we live in an age that cares more about doing things than about discovering which things are worth doing. Among its more muddle-headed superstitions is the belief that to be detached is to be hostile and contemptuous: Mr. Santayana's detachment is neither; it is merely the condition of clear thinking. One who has striven so successfully as he to see life whole must needs stand a little further from it than most men. At the pinnacle of the humane virtues the Greek thinkers placed the virtue of contemplation. In Mr. Santayana it is also a culmination of an ordered human life. It sheds its illumination back over the process which it completes and justifies. His humanistic philosophy, unlike other philosophies, has a place for itself; it is comprehensive, harmonious, and persuasive. We could not believe in an advocate of the humanities who spoke barbarously; we can scarcely refuse our assent to one who, like Mr. Santayana, writes with the virile grace and measure which is the mark of his own ideal.

IN THE FACE OF DEATH

BY ARKADY AVERCHENKO

[From a volume of stories entitled *The Evil Spirit*, published in Sebastopol a few months ago. Translated for the LIVING AGE by Leo Pasvolsky.]

DIFFERENT nations have different psychologies. For an illustration look at the difference in the psychology of the French and the Russians.

The French revolution has left us the following incident:

The kindly French revolutionists one fine day caught in the streets of Paris an abbé by the name of Morie. Of course, a rope was immediately found handy, a noose was made, and the poor abbé was dragged to the nearest lamp post.

'What do you propose to do with me, good citizens?' inquired the abbé with rather natural curiosity.

'We'll string you up on this lamp post instead of a lamp.'

'And do you think there will be more light because of that?' replied the quick-witted abbé with sarcasm.

The crowd which surrounded the abbé consisted of pure-blooded Frenchmen, who were Parisians to boot. The abbé's reply pleased them so much that it was immediately decided by unanimous vote to grant him his life.

This happened in France. And here is what happened in Russia:

In the Kharkoff Extraordinary Commission, where 'Comrade' Sayenko was the guiding and presiding spirit, people were shot every day. This task was usually performed by Sayenko himself. After drinking and doping himself with cocaine the whole day long, Sayenko would come to the prison at night and read off the names of those who were to be shot that night. And all those whose names were read off would sigh deeply, rise obediently from the boxes which served them for beds, and step over to one side. No one ever begged or entreated for mercy. They all knew that it would be easier to touch with entreaty the huge stone blocks of the prison wall than to evoke sympathy from Sayenko's heart.

Once, a day or two before Denikin's

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troops captured Kharkoff, Sayenko came to the prison as usual with a list of those doomed for that night in his hands.

'Akimenko.'

'Here.'

'Step over to that side.

'Vasukoff.'

'Here.'

'Step aside.'

'Permit me to say . . .'

'What can you have to say? Funny people you are, thinking that I have time to bother with you. Step over to that side. Kormovoy.'

'Here.'

'Over to that side. Molchanoff.'

'Here I am.'

'Yes, I can see you. Over to that side. Nikolsky.'

Silence.

'Nikolsky!'

Silence again. All remained silent; those whose names had been read off; those who sat on the boxes, and Sayenko himself.

Through this silence Nikolsky sat on his box, straight in front of Sayenko, and putting one leg over the other, was rolling a cigarette.

'Nikolsky!!'

Suddenly Sayenko's blood-shot eyes paused on Nikolsky's face. Slowly and deliberately Nikolsky touched the edge of the tissue paper with his tongue, tore off the remaining narrow strip of paper, thus finishing the cigarette, spat out a crumb of tobacco that remained in his mouth, and only then replied slowly and lazily:

'Since when have you gotten into the habit of shooting people twice, Comrade Sayenko? Does n't look well, you know.'

'What's that?'

'You shot Nikolsky last night.'

'What?'

Again they all remained silent, the doomed and the remaining.

'Oh, the Devil take you,' mumbled Sayenko angrily, striking out the name. 'One can get all mixed up here with you.'

'You see,' said Nikolsky with slight irony, winking to his comrades. 'You've got to be more attentive.'

'You shut up there, or I'll . . . Pastukhoff.'

'Coming.'

And two days later the volunteer troops entered the city and Nikolsky was released.

I don't know what other people's taste in the matter is: perhaps some will like abbé Morie and his pleasantry, but as for me, I prefer our own Russian Nikolsky.

It is possible that when the abbé pronounced his sarcastic sentence, his lower jaw trembled for an instant. But where would Nikolsky be now, if his jaw trembled even for an instant when he made that lazy reply of his, looking Sayenko straight in the face?

[*The Landmark*]

HOWELLS AND TROLLOPE

BY JAMES F. MUIRHEAD

THE character of a country is mirrored in its words as well as in its deeds, and that is no complete or adequate history which chronicles the battles and ignores the books. Familiarity with a nation's literature is the best substitute for actual intercourse, and ignorance of it is a sure breeder of misunderstanding. Therefore it is (to come down from these generalities) that it seems to me vastly important that Britons and Americans who cannot meet in the flesh should do so in the pages of Trollope and Howells. For these writers, in a way that is remarkable and perhaps unique, embody and reflect the characteristics of their respective countries. No one who is

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familiar with Trollope can be said to be ignorant of England; anyone who knows his Howells has a pretty good idea of America. The fact that Trollope ceased to write forty years ago, and Howells only the other day, makes little difference. For in England, in spite of wars and rumors of wars, forty years are but as a watch in the night; and after all the most typically and purely American of Howells novels were written in the 'seventies and 'eighties.

One does not find the England of the English in such novels as those of George Meredith, for his characters, his scenes, and his treatment are all too remote, exotic, and colored to be typical. One might like to meet Lord Ormonts and their Amintas in ordinary life, but as a matter of fact one does n't. Dickens is purely English in his setting but his characters are burlesqued or sentimentalized out of reality. George Eliot's figures are of English make, but they bear the philosophic brand of their individual manufacturer rather than that of a national product. Thomas Hardy's natives are too romantic to be merely of English growth. And the unsavory young men and maidens of the novel of to-day surely belong to a phase rather than to a national type. Analogous considerations rule out the romantic, the humorous, the idealistic, the analytic, and the merely local color novels of America as nationally characteristic.

In Howells, as in Trollope, we come face to face with the ordinary mortals that we meet every day. The conditions in which they are presented are equally ordinary. We are not called on to deal with highly romantic situations, or marvelously complicated plots, or superhumanly arresting characters, or impossibly brilliant and syncopated talk, or extraordinarily quaint and unexpected phraseology, or marvelously erudite historical lore, or overwhelmingly profound philosophic reflection. We just meet everyday men in everyday situations, such as we can see ourselves with or in at any time. But it is largely just the fact that the ingredients are so simple and familiar that makes the skill of the chef so exceptionally noteworthy.

The great marvel in the works of Trollope is that he can interest us so profoundly in common men and common events, and that he has produced a gallery of hundreds of portraits, all within the narrow framework of daily experience and yet all as clearly distinct and individual as the actual men and women we know. In the creation of personal acquaintances, who step right out of the covers of his books into the study of our imagination, he ranks with the very greatest of our masters in this field — with Shakespeare, with Scott, with Jane Austen, with Thackeray, with Dickens. He never repeats himself, never blurs the identity of even his minor players. There is a sense in which one might say that it is comparatively easy to discriminate Ophelia, Juliet, Desdemona, and Beatrice, Hamlet and Othello, Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller, Richard Feverel and Sir Willoughby Patterne, Adam Bede and Romola; but how many of us give credit enough to the art that can make living figures of such relatively minor personages as Chaffanbrass (a favorite of Trollope himself), Lord Dumbello, Rattler, the Duke of St. Bungay, Mr. Toogood, Lord Fawn, Mr. and Mrs. Bunce, Mr. Quintus Slide, Miss Fitzgibbon, Mr. and Mrs. Bonteen, Barrington Earle, Bertie Stanhope, Lady Baldock, and Lady Mason — not to go beyond the covers of two or three of Trollope's best known novels. *Mutatis mutandis* and relatively to American fiction, very much the same thing may be said of Howells.

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For Howells was the author of at least seventy-five books, half of them novels, spread over a period of sixty years; and many of his hundreds of characters are familiar to the readers of America in a way with which probably no other American writer can compete. Silas Laphâm, Bartley Hubbard, the Lady of the Aroostook, Egeria Boynton, Dr. Breen, Fulkerson, Basil and Isabel March, the Kentons, Lemuel Barker, are but a few of the living figures called from the vasty deep of the unborn by the magic wand of Howells. It is not without reason that Henry James speaks of Howells' 'vast goodly pleasance of art and observation, of appreciation and creation'; or that William James summed up his admiration of Howells' work in the epithet 'cubical,' because 'set it up any way you please, it will stand.' Or that Taine greeted Howells as a precious painter and sovereign witness in his delineation of American life.

To call Howells the Trollope of America does not mean that their work is identical in tone or texture. Still less does it mean that the two writers would recognize kinship or even a claim to reciprocal admiration. Indeed, in *A Chance Acquaintance*, Howells definitely speaks of Trollope's works as 'dull'; and, if I cannot quote a Trollopian Roland for this Oliver, it is probably merely because the English novelist never bestowed a thought on his American compeer. Their essential likeness to each other lies mainly in the fact that each was so much interested in his fellow-countrymen as such, that they were wholly content to use their art in depicting them simply and directly, in their ordinary goings out and comings in. To Howells the everyday American, to Trollope the everyday Englishman was in himself a theme of such paramount sufficiency that they felt no call to exaggerate his merits or soften his foibles, no need to bathe him in the iridescence of imagination or to strengthen the picture by dramatic inventiveness. Each loves his kinsman with an affection that does not ignore the warts and pimples; and each treats the little failings of his creations with a humor that is always tender and sympathetic, never bitter or vindictive ('a fondness that is itself a literary gift'). One can think of Trollope calling for his beefsteak, Howells for his baked beans, with a fine disregard for Gallic kickshaws or Oriental condiments.

Howells is, perhaps, more often conscious of his rôle than Trollope. It is easy to quote passages from his works to show his formulated aims in the writing of fiction. 'Ah! poor Real Life, which I love, can I make others share the delight I find in thy foolish and insipid face' (*Their Wedding Journey*). In another chapter of the same book he gives us his creed with detailed minuteness. 'As in literature the true artist will spare the use even of real events if they are of an improbable character, so the sincere observer of man will not desire to look upon his heroic or occasional phases, but will seek him in his habitual moods of vacancy and tiresomeness. To me, at any rate, he is at such times very precious; and I never perceive him to be so much a man and brother as when I feel the pressure of his vast, natural, unaffected dullness.'

And Howells is quite ready to meet the trite charge that it is easy to write about the ordinary, and that the painter of everyday life is so simply because constitutionally unable to dip his brush in more vivid tints: 'The commonplace is just that light, impalpable, aërial essence, which they (that is, novelists) have never got into their confounded books yet. The novelist who could interpret the common feelings of commonplace people would

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have the answer to "the riddle of the painful earth" on his tongue' (*Silas Lapham*). If a man cannot thrill to the romance of the real and the charm of the common, Howells is not for him.

Though Trollope's novels do not contain such direct references to his theory of workmanship as occur in those of Howells, we find the corresponding material amply set forth in his 'Autobiography.' There he tells us that 'a novel should give a picture of common life enlivened by humor and sweetened by pathos.' 'The canvas should be crowded with real portraits . . . of created personages impregnated with traits of character which are known.' The plot is relatively unimportant; his vital preoccupation is character. He quotes with satisfaction the judgment of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who said of Trollope's works that they were 'solid and substantial, written on the strength of beef, and through the inspiration of ale, and just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their daily business and not suspecting that they were being made a show of. . . . It needs an English residence to make them thoroughly comprehensible; but still I should think that human nature would give them success anywhere.' Yes, comments Trollope, I wanted my readers to 'recognize human beings like to themselves, and not feel themselves to be carried away among gods or demons.' Trollope's realism hypnotized himself, he simply could not induce Lily Dale to marry Johnny Eames, he had not the heart to kill Katie Woodward, and he lived to regret his yielding to an overheard desire for the demise of Mrs. Proudie. The art for art's sake devotees would probably place Trollope on a lower æsthetic level than Howells because he frankly owned that, in depicting ordinary human beings, he hoped to 'impregnate the mind of the novel reader with a feeling that honesty is the best policy; that truth prevails while falsehood fails; that a girl will be loved as she is pure and sweet and unselfish; that a man will be honored as he is true and honest and brave of heart; that things meanly done are ugly and odious, and things nobly done beautiful and gracious.'

The differences between Howells and Trollope are at least as much national as individual, are due as much to their material as to the operating mind. This must be remembered in any attempt to weigh their relative merits and demerits. Thus the criticism that Trollope confines himself to conventional classes, while Howells strikes a more broadly human note, is at best but a half-truth. Trollope found these conventions and classes existing to his hand; he could not but recognize them. The world of western and rural America with which Howells is mainly concerned is much more homogeneous; the breadth of its civilization was (in his own phrase) 'vertical instead of lateral.' But if we allow the tags of 'provincial' and 'realistic' to our two writers, we must recognize that it is only as opposed to a pseudo-cosmopolitanism and a tinsel romance. The one is really as national as the other; either might be described as plunged up to the neck in a sea of birthright inspiration. Reality with both is a passion, not a makeshift. Trollope's sweep was so wide as to take in practically all English classes (his stage was, for example, wider than Jane Austen's) and some of his finest characters come from the lowest ranks. Howells, as behooves his Americanism, has less to do with rank distinctions.

It must, I think, be allowed that Trollope had the finer touch in the delineation of the conventionally well-

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bred. When Howells deals with the denizens of the (relatively) 'upper' spheres of society (for example, the Coreys, or Miles Arbuton), we feel a certain 'outwardness' in the touch. None of his 'ladies' (for example) rival such figures as Lady Glencora Palliser or Violet Effingham; but here we must allow a personal and deliberate limitation rather than any lack of corresponding American material. The innocent young girls, so charmingly depicted by both writers, are essentially similar, though, perhaps, we feel that the Howells girl is the embryo of a higher development. The contrast of the two societies implicated may be illustrated by (for example) Mrs. Silas Lapham's matter-of-fact assumption that 'if a young man seemed to be coming to see a girl, it was only common sense to suppose that he wished to see her alone,' as compared with the scene in which Mrs. Woodward, after Charley Tudor has saved Katie's life, allows him (as a great concession) to 'come up to her room door, and hear her thanks as he stood in the passage, with the door ajar.'

If Trollope is socially the more refined, Howells is, perhaps, the more refined intellectually. As a literary craftsman, the American has the finer, the more delicate, the more accurate, and the defter touch. He took his technique more seriously. Americanisms apart (and they are integral to the material), the English of Howells is generally surer than that of Trollope. The highest peaks of the Trollopian curve may possibly overtop those of the Howellsian; but it must be admitted that Trollope descends to depths of carelessness and slipshodism, that would make Howells shudder. Even his grammar is not impeccable, and his faulty use of French quotations is inexcusable. If Howells has nowhere risen to such heights of tragic intensity as the episode of Crawley; if he has not created any character so robustly, so solidly and enduringly humorous as Mrs. Proudie, he has, on the other hand, never produced anything so flat and *verfehlt* as (say) the story of Crinoline and Macassar in *The Three Clerks*. Scott's comparison between his own 'big bow-wow' and the 'exquisite touch' of Jane Austen applies (with modification) to Trollope and Howells. Certainly Trollope has nothing to match (in its own way) the Gallic grace and delicate humor of the dialogue in Howells' too little known farces or comediettas. The tributes to his mastership of the writer's technique are innumerable. 'Where,' said Mark Twain (to quote but one of these), 'does he get the easy and effortless flow of his speech; its cadenced and undulating rhythm; its architectural felicities of construction, its graces of expression?'

Perhaps one cause of the humorous and kindly attitude of both Trollope and Howells to common men and women, often rising to an almost divine tolerance and compassion, may be found in the circumstances of their own lives. Both had hard boyhoods. In the case of Howells, this rather took the form of the rigor of external conditions. He began to earn his living when still a boy, and tells us that the printing office was his school, and the reporter's room his university. But his family environment was not unsympathetic, and he was able to carry on its genial tradition without bitterness over the domestic struggles with fortune.

Poor Trollope, on the other hand, had an essentially unhappy boyhood. His troubles arose primarily from 'the mixture of poverty and gentle standing on the part of his father' and involved an ignominious and unpopular career at Harrow and Winchester, where he seems to have made no

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friends, and always felt himself to be a dirty and disreputable pariah. He was allowed no share in the school games; he is convinced that he had been flogged oftener than any human being alive. His mother took most of her children with her to America, in her effort to amend the family fortunes. Anthony remained with his father, a gloomy and irascible scholar, who on at least one occasion knocked him down with a folio Bible. Compared with the miseries of Trollope, the outer hardships of Howells were child's play. But the effect was the same in each case. The essentially generous and humane nature of each was so strong, that it was impossible to turn it into gall.

So, too, when Mr. Frederic Harrison declares that Trollope is a realist, and neither a poet nor a satirist, one is a little inclined to cavil at the implied narrowness of definition in the latter epithets. Trollope, it is true, wrote no verse, and did not seek the romantic epithet, but it is over-severe to deny a touch of poetic feeling to his appreciations of English scenery and English girls, to his sympathetic insight into the inner meaning of homespun vicissitudes. And, surely, the clergy and the politicians of England would not deny his power of satire, though it is almost always kindly, and often even gentle. If there is no poetry in the ordinary lives of ordinary men; if poetry requires a face that launches a thousand ships and burns the topless towers of Ilium; if its scenery must be the floor of heaven, thick inlaid with patines of bright gold, or antres vast and deserts idle, or the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war — then we may, perhaps, deny all tinge of poetry to Trollope. But there are moods at least when the tragedy of the Reverend Josiah Crawley, caused by the everyday mishap of a mislaid cheque, seems more poignant and overwhelming than the far-off and unwonted woes of an Antigone or an Œdipus; and it is useless to tell those of us who have felt the agony of the unfortunate incumbent of Hogglestock that the creator of that episode had no poetry in his soul.

As Howells published more than one volume of verse, he enters the specific lists of the poet and throws down an avowedly metrical glove. But the everyday pathos of his prose fiction makes, in its American sphere, almost as imperative an appeal as Trollope. Silas Lapham was in some ways a coarse-grained man, but his creator wrings our heart in sympathy with his disappointments and fears; Lydia Blood is but an unsophisticated country girl, yet her threatened tragedy affects us almost like Juliet's; we feel the obstructions to the higher life of Lemuel Barker as if they had been our own; and the gradual degeneration of Bartley Hubbard, with the reaction on the noble-minded Marcia, involves a tragedy all but epical, and overwhelms us with a sense of wasted values.

I end as I began. Just as no man, whatever be his encyclopædic learning, seems to me thoroughly well-educated unless he can express himself in his native tongue grammatically, accurately, clearly, and with a measure of distinction, so it seems to me that no man can claim to a real knowledge of English literature unless he has read half a dozen of Trollope's best novels, or of American literature who has not paid similar attention to Howells. This may sound like a voice from a bye-gone generation, but young readers should not assume this without a trial of the prescription. As to Howells it is not perhaps too bold to assert that he has already — if not in any one volume, yet in the general mass of his work — produced the 'Great American Novel,' of which American critics still profess to be in search.

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[*To-Day*]

A LESSON TO MY GHOST

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

SHALL it be said that the wind's gone over
The hill this night, and no ghost there?
Not the shape of an old-time lover
Pacing the old road, the high road there?
By the peacock tree, the tree that spreads its branches
Like a proud peacock's tail (so my lady says),
Under a cloudy sky, while the moon launches
Scattered beams of light along the dark silences?
I will be a ghost there, though I yet am breathing,
A living presence still in tight cottage walls,
Sitting by the fire whose smoke goes wreathing
Over fields and farmyards and farmyard stalls.
As a player going to rehearse his faring,
I will send my ghost there before my bones are dust,
Bid it learn betimes the sock it shall be wearing
When it bids the clay good-bye as all ghosts must.
Hush, then; upstairs sleep my lady and her mother;
The cat curls the night away and will not stir;
Beams of lamp and beech-log cross one another,
No wind walks in the garden there.
Go my ghost, it calls you, the high road, the winding,
Written by the moonlight on the sleeping hill;
I will watch the ashes, you go finding
The way you shall walk for generations still.
The window-latch is firm, the curtain does not tremble,
The wet grass bends not under your tread,
Brushing you shake not the dew from the bramble,
They hear no gate who lie abed.
Nodding I stare at the hearth, but I see you,
My half-wit travels with you the road;
There shall be your kingdom when death shall free you,
When body's wit is neither leash nor goad.
Past the peacock branches proudly gliding,
Your own ghost now, I know, I know,
You look to the moon on the hill-top riding,
The mares in the meadow sleep as you go.
Your eyes that are dark yet great for divining
Brood on the valleys of wood and plough,
And you stand where the silver flower is shining
Of cherry against the black holly bough.
Rehearse, O rehearse, as you pass by the hedgerows,
Remembrance of all that was my bright will,
That so my grave of whispers and echoes
May rest for the ghost that is yet on the hill.
You pass the shadowy piles of stone
Under the walls where the hawthorn catches
Shapes from the moon that are not its own.
Wander, wander down by the cresses,
Over the crest of the hill, between
The brown lych-gate and the cider presses,
Past the well and across the green.
Heed me, my ghost, my heir. To-morrow,
Or soon, my body to ash must fall,
Heed me, ghost, and I shall not sorrow —
Learn this beauty, O learn it all.
Night goes on, the beech-log's ended,
Half-wit's drowsy, and doctrine done,
Ghost, come home from the road; befriended
My moon shall be when I leave the sun.

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